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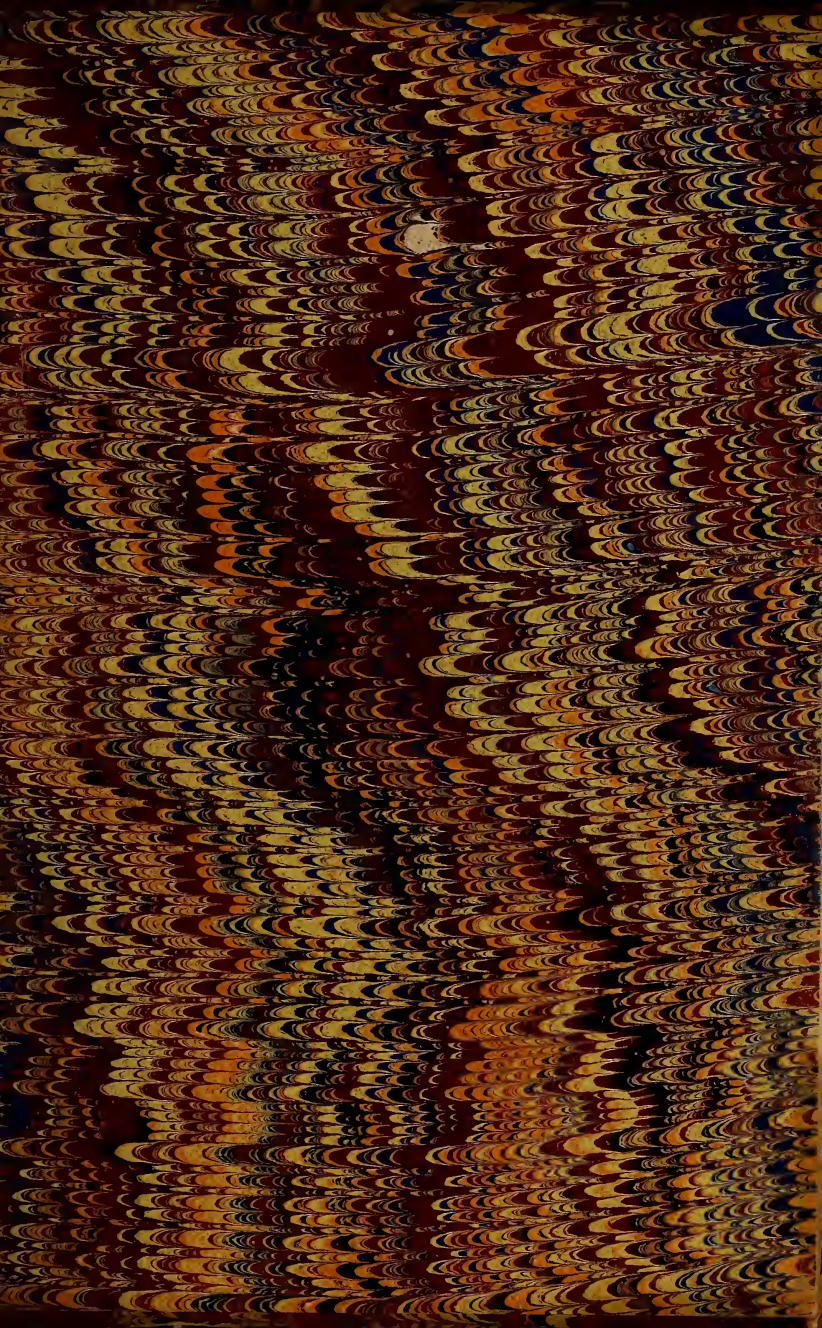
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









SPECIMENS

OF

OLD INDIAN POETRY.

Translated from the Original Sanskrit,

INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY
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OF OXFORD.

“Auf, bade, Schüler, underdrossen
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenroth!”

FAUST.



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TO

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, ESQ. M.A. F.R.S.

&c. &c. &c.

DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

AND BODEN PROFESSOR OF SANSKRIT IN THE UNIVERSITY

OF OXFORD,

WHOM FOR HIS UNRIVALLED

LABOURS AND ATTAINMENTS IN THE LITERATURE OF INDIA

KINGS AND SCHOLARS HAVE DELIGHTED TO HONOUR,

This Little Volume

IS INSCRIBED

BY AN ATTACHED AND GRATEFUL PUPIL.



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P R E F A C E.

UNJUSTLY, perhaps, has the British Public been reproached with turning a deaf ear to the strains of the Indian Muse; so little opportunity has as yet been offered to the general reader of hearing and understanding the voice of that distant Charmer of the East. It is hardly to be expected in these utilitarian times that many will be found, in England at least, content to toil for many a weary month in order to acquire a knowledge of so difficult a language as the Sanskrit, even though deeply smitten with the love of sacred song, which they are told will pour its own rich reward into their initiated ear; usually too, even those who have leisure, opportunity, and every other requisite for the study of the literature of ancient India, are inclined to listen with suspicion to the favourable accounts which those who best can judge its merits and defects have given of it; and although no one, perhaps, who has made himself tolerably acquainted with the treasures of its Poetry, has ever for a moment regretted the labour it has cost him to master the beautiful language that enshrines them, yet this admiration is partly attributed to a natural

unwillingness to allow that years of toil have been expended upon an unworthy subject, and such witness is considered to be prejudiced, although freely offered by so general and refined a scholar as Sir William Jones, or a poetical and catholic-minded critic like Schlegel.

If, then, it be through the medium of translation only that the knowledge of Sanskrit Poetry can be expected to gain much ground in England, let us consider whether the Public has had a fair opportunity offered it of gaining even a general idea, in this manner, of the ancient poets of India; for otherwise it will be manifestly unjust to reproach it with apathetic neglect of unknown treasures which have been locked up from its observation.

Most of the translations of Indian Poetry that have hitherto appeared, both on the Continent and in England, have been intended rather for the assistance of the Sanskrit scholar, than for the delight of the general lover or the Muse. Thus in Germany, Schlegel, Bopp, Lassen, and other eminent men have done much—very much—for the advancement of this branch of Oriental learning; but with them the first object has been the publication of a correct text for the student's use; the accompanying translations, most accurate and excellent in their own way, being generally literal versions into Latin prose. Sir William Jones again, although he has been numbered among the poets chiefly for his charming paraphrase of an exquisite song of the Persian Hafiz, has left a name ever to be revered by the *scholar* for

his prose translations, especially of Manu's Code of Law, but has attempted nothing from the Indian poets in verse; nor will his voluminous writings, although indispensable to the student, supply very much that is likely to prove attractive to the general reader.

Professor H. H. Wilson's graceful version of that delicious little poem, "The Cloud Messenger," has not had a chance of meeting with the admiration it would undoubtedly have elicited, had it been circulated in a more popular shape: forming, as it does, with the Sanskrit text, a class-book for the use of the East India College at Haileybury, it is known only to Oriental scholars in this country and on the Continent.

It remains to speak of the labours of the present Dean Milman in this cause. He published, some years ago, a translation of "Nala and Damayanti," one of the most beautiful Episodes of the "Mahábhárata," in which (to quote the words of a most competent judge) "surpassing grace of style was united with extraordinary faithfulness both to the letter and the spirit of the original;" several other shorter fragments from the same great poem and the Rámáyana appeared with it. Admirable as these versions are for conveying to the general reader an idea of the majestic simplicity of the old Indian Epic, and showing how utterly unfounded were the prevailing prejudices against all Oriental poetry, as consisting mainly of a brilliant confusion of high-sounding words and a florid exuberance of extravagant metaphor; yet these

extracts are specimens of the early Epics only, and of a style materially different from the polished elegance of the golden age of Sanskrit Literature ; and moreover, although again published, together with Dean Milman's other poetical works, they are in their original separate form out of print, and by no means easy to be obtained.

These considerations then, and a firm belief that there is much in Sanskrit Poetry that needs only to be known in order to be appreciated, have induced the translator to offer this little volume of " Specimens " to the notice of the general reader ; a few brief observations upon the principal compositions from which they are taken will be sufficient to introduce them.

It would be entirely out of place here to give the reasons that have led all the Sanskrit scholars, whose opinions upon the subject are worth listening to, to assign the earliest writings of the Hindus with which we are acquainted, to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, at the latest, before the Christian Era ; these ancient compositions are the Vedas or Sacred Scriptures of India ; records most interesting, although rather from their great antiquity, and the light they throw upon the early and simple religion, the manners, customs, thoughts and feelings of the pastoral nation that inhabited the region of the Himálaya, than from any poetical beauties which adorn the Hymns of which they consist—psalms to be chanted as part of the worship of God manifested in the great Powers of Nature, who are besought to requite

the praise and sacrifice of their worshippers with blessings chiefly of a temporal character—the downfall of their enemies, and their own prosperity, the health and increase of their flocks and herds—that their oxen may be strong to labour, and that their sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in their streets.

Next in antiquity, and scarcely inferior in sanctity, is “The Book of the Law of Manu;” the Moses of the Hindus, supposed to be the Son or Impersonation of Brahmá himself; this work may be placed in the fifth or sixth century before our Era. It is evidently a compilation, and not the production of one mind, for it commences with two different accounts of the Creation, and occasional inconsistencies may be detected elsewhere. Of course we must not expect the charms of poetry in this Hindu Leviticus—the verse merely serving to impress the compact precepts more easily and firmly upon the memory; yet it can hardly be denied that the Lawgiver rises occasionally to the moral sublime, when in strong unpolished rhyme he instils into the heart the blessed quality of Mercy, or shows the excellent beauty of all-atoning Truthfulness, and the Peace of Mind which none but those who enjoy it can understand.

About two centuries later in date we come to the great Epic, or Mytho-heroic poems—the Rámáyana and the Mahábhárata. Of the former and elder work, Válmíki, called “First of Poets,” is handed down as the author: the poem, as the name implies, recounts the adventures

and warlike exploits of the hero Ráma, Sovereign of Ayodhyá, or Oude; he was an Incarnation of the deity Vishnu, who came down from Heaven, and was born in the form of a man, to overthrow the power of the ten-headed Giant Rávana, who had by force made himself master of Lanká, the capital city of Ceylon, and from thence was spreading terror and dismay over Gods and men. The sister Epic, the Mahábhárata, evidently a work of various periods, is ascribed by the Hindus to the ancient Sage Vyása, who is celebrated also as the Compiler or Arranger of the Vedas—the Ezra of the Indian Scriptures; even if he has done no more in this composition than gather and string together in their present form the traditional ballad-stories of still remotertimes, he has deserved endless gratitude as a Pisistratus, if he cannot command our reverence as a Homer.

The Mahábhárata is a vast work, containing more than a hundred thousand stanzas, its subject being a war for regal supremacy in India between the sons of two brothers, Pándu and Dhritaráshta: with the main story, however, numerous episodes are interwoven, more or less connected with the business of the narrative, some of which, it is hoped, will be interesting to the general reader, “abounding as they do” (to quote Professor Wilson’s observations upon the two great Epics) “with poetical beauties of the first order, and particularly in delineations of picturesque manners and

situations, and in the expression of natural and amiable feeling.”*

We may consider the first centuries of the Christian Era to be the Golden Age of Sanskrit literature, and its munificent Augustus was Vikramáditya, King of Ujayín, who lived in the half century preceding that epoch. At his court shone the “Nine Gems,” as they are called, of whom the famous Kálidása was the brightest and the best; he was the author of the “Cloud-Messenger,” to which allusion has already been made,—of the two delightful dramas “Sakontalá,” and “Vikrama and Urvasí,”—probably also of the pretty little descriptive poem, “The Seasons,” and several other compositions have been attributed to him by his countrymen, although certainly not all upon sufficient grounds.

Of the dramatic writings of the Hindus we shall merely observe, that we possess many excellent specimens of this most interesting branch of their literature, the best of which (with the exception of “Sakontalá,” already translated by Sir W. Jones) have been offered to the public by Professor Wilson. Of their lyrical poetry

* Although our object is not to lavish praise upon the poetry of India, it is impossible to refrain from quoting the words of A. W. von Schlegel upon these poems:—

“Le Rámáyana et le Mahábhárata sont des monumens d’une antiquité vénérable; mais, abstraction faite de la valeur que cela leur donne, j’y trouve des choses sublimes, d’autres pleines de charme et de grace, une fécondité inépuisable de l’imagination, l’attrait du merveilleux, de nobles caractères, des situations passionnées, et je ne sais quelle candeur sainte et ingénue dans les mœurs qui y sont peints.”

we have but one example, a little pastoral romance in a dramatic form composed by Jayadeva, and called the "Gīta Govinda." There is much uncertainty with respect to the date of this work, but it is probably to be fixed at least as late as the twelfth century of the Christian Era; it consists almost entirely of songs, which are connected by short strophes of recitative. Many of these lyrical effusions are too warmly coloured to suit our severer taste, but they are all remarkable, as every ear must confess, for their surpassing melody of flow, uniting the voluptuousness of the "Song of Songs," with all the languishing sweetness of the "Pastor Fido." This work also is capable of a mystic interpretation, and is said by the Commentators to figure the attachment of the Soul to Divine Knowledge; its trial, fall, and restoration; in the love, the quarrel, and the perfect reconciliation of Krishna—the darling God of the Indian women—and the beautiful Shepherdess Rādhā.

More will be said of this little piece, and of some of the other poems to which allusion has been made, as specimens of each are introduced. We do not attempt to give even an outline sketch of Sanskrit Poetry in general, but shall confine our remarks strictly to those compositions from which the extracts are taken.

Mere *verbal* fidelity has not been aimed at in the following versions, although occasionally in the old Epics, the English will be found to run freely step for step by the side of its ancient and long-separated cousin,

the Sanskrit; the translator has endeavoured, however, all he could, to preserve the spirit of the original, which he hopes has not been entirely lost. There are frequently needless repetitions in the tales of the Mahábhárata, and the reciters of these long stories appear to have had no idea of the value of time; considerable liberty, therefore, has here and there been taken in omitting and condensing: again, the poetry of Kálidása and succeeding writers is *suggestive* rather than *exhaustive*, and it is occasionally necessary to fill up the outline of a sketch which would otherwise scarcely be intelligible to the general reader; here also, for another reason, omissions are sometimes advisable or unavoidable.

In conclusion, if these Specimens altogether fail in interest, it must be the translator's fault—he must continue to believe that they would be appreciated if rendered by some more skilful hand; at the same time the indulgent reader will not forget the difficulty of translating in general, and especially from an Eastern tongue into our own; he will bear in mind that the poetry of any language *must* lose much in being invested with a strange attire—far more so, when that language is (to use the oft-quoted words of Sir W. Jones) “of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more excellently refined than either.”



SPECIMENS
OF
OLD INDIAN POETRY.

Veda Hymns.

THE three following Hymns are taken from the first Book of the Rig-veda, which has recently been edited at Oxford, by Dr. Max. Müller ; this Veda is the most ancient and most important of the four ; and we may consider it to have been composed about thirteen or fourteen centuries B. C.

The first Hymn here translated is in honour of the Sun—the best image of its Creator—that

“ Glorious orb, the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind.”

HYMN TO THE SUN.

I.

RISEN in majestic blaze,
Lo ! the Universe's eye,
Vast and wondrous, host of rays,
Shineth brightly in the sky.
Soul of all that moveth not,
Soul of all that moves below—
Lighteth he earth's gloomiest spot,
And the heavens are all a glow !

B

II.

See ! he followeth the Dawn
 Brilliant in her path above,
 As a youth, by beauty drawn,
 Seeks the maiden of his love ! *
 Holy men, and pious Sages,
 Worship now the glorious Sun,
 For by rites ordain'd for ages
 Shall a good reward be won.

III.

Look ! his horses, mounted high,
 Good of limb, and swift, and strong,
 In the forehead of the sky,
 Run their course the heaven along !
 Praises to his steeds be given
 Racing o'er the road of heaven !

IV.

Such the majesty and power,
 Such the glory of the Sun,
 When he sets at evening hour
 The worker leaves his task undone ;
 His steeds are loosed, and over all
 Spreadeth Night her gloomy pall.

* “ Which cometh forth as a *bridegroom* out of his chamber.”—*Ps.* xix.

“ See how the Morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun ;
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love.”—*Henry VI.*

V.

When he rides in noon-tide glow,
 Blazing in the nations' sight,
 The skies his boundless glory show,
 And his majesty of light ;
 And when he sets, his absent might
 Is felt in thickening shades of night.

VI.

Hear us, O ye gods, this day !
 Hear us graciously, we pray !
 As the Sun his state begins,
 Free us from all heinous sins !*
 Mitra, Varun, Aditi !
 Hear, O hear us graciously !
 Powers of ocean, earth, and air,
 Listen, listen to our prayer !

This is one of the few instances in which *moral* blessings are prayed for in these Hymns ; so Adam prays :—

“ If the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, *as now light dispels the dark.*”—P. L.

HYMN TO MORNING.

I.

MORNING ! child of heaven, appear !
Dawn with wealth our hearts to cheer ;
Thou that spreadest out the light
Dawn with food, and glad our sight ;
Gracious goddess, hear our words,
Dawn with increase of our herds !

II.

Horses, kine, all wealth have they,
Deities of early day—
All the riches they possess
That the homes of men should bless ;
Morning ! answer graciously !
Boundless wealth we crave of thee.

III.

She hath dwelt in heaven of old—
May we now her light behold !
Which dawning brightly from afar
Stirreth up the harness'd car,
Like as merchant-folk for gain
Send their ships across the main.

IV.

Morning comes, the nurse of all,
Like a matron, at whose call
All that dwell the house within,
Their appointed task begin ;
Creatures frail to death she brings ;
Now each warbler shakes his wings,
And to greet her coming, sings.

V.

All that live adore her light—
Pray to see the joyful sight ;
All good things to men she sends,
And her cheering brilliance lends.

VI.

Morning ! shine with joyful ray !
Drive the darkness far away—
Bring us blessings every day !

HYMN TO FIRE.

I.

MIGHTY Agni* we invite,
Him that perfecteth the rite ;
O thou messenger divine,
Agni ! boundless wealth is thine.

II.

Agni ! Agni ! with this gift,
Lo ! to thee the voice we lift—
Loved, O Lord of men, art thou,
God that bearest up the vow.

III.

Thou to whom the wood gives birth,†
Thou that callest gods to earth !
Call them that we may adore them,
Sacred grass is ready for them.

IV.

Messenger of gods art thou—
Call them, Agni ! call them now !
Fain our offerings would they taste,
Agni, bid them come in haste.

* The God of Fire.

† “ That is, artificially produced by the friction of two pieces of a particular species of wood used for the purpose.”—WILSON.

V.

Brilliant Agni ! lo, to thee
Pour we offerings of ghee ;
O for this consume our foes
Who on demons' aid repose !

VI.

Praise him in the sacrifice,
Agni, ever young and wise ;
Glorious in his light is he,
Healer of all malady.

VII.

Purifying, brilliant Fire,
Hear, great Agni ! our desire—
Be thy care the gods to bring
Hither to our offering.

VIII.

Listen, for to thee we raise
This our newest hymn of praise ;
Agni ! let the guerdon be
Riches, food, and progeny !

IX.

Bearer of all invocation,
Agni ! Lord of purest light !
May this hymn of adoration
Be right pleasing in thy sight.

The Book of the Law of Manu.

THIS work, as has been mentioned in the preface, may be assigned to the fifth or sixth century before the Christian era; probably two or three brief extracts will be sufficient for the general reader, and he may gather some idea of the whole from the following quotation from Sir William Jones's Preface to his translation of the Book. "It contains," he observes, "abundance of curious matter extremely interesting both to speculative lawyers and antiquaries, with many beauties which need not be pointed out, and with many blemishes which cannot be justified or palliated. It is a system of despotism and priestcraft, both indeed limited by law, but artfully conspiring to give mutual support, though with mutual checks. * * * * It abounds with minute and childish formalities, with ceremonies generally absurd and often ridiculous; the punishments are partial and fanciful, for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehensibly slight; * * nevertheless, a spirit of sublime devotion, of benevolence to mankind, and of amiable tenderness to all sentient creatures, pervades the whole work; the style of it has a certain austere majesty that sounds like the language of legislation and extorts a respectful awe; the sentiments of independence on all beings but God, and the harsh admonitions even to kings, are truly noble."

THE DUTY OF WITNESSES.

LET all people witness truly, high or lowly be their fame,
 Truth makes justice flourish fairly, freeth witnesses from blame;
 To itself the soul is witness—it appealeth to the breast,
 'Tis its own defence for ever—'tis the truest, and the best.
 'Tis a judge supreme within thee, conscious of the least offence;
 To that gentle witness in thee, Man! do thou no violence;
 Sayeth in his heart the wicked, No one knoweth of my sin—
 Yea, the gods around him see it, and the spirit from within.

* * * * *

Is thy spirit calm within thee? Is thy truthful soul at rest?
 Art thou in sweet loving concord with the lord of thine own breast?
 Go not thou to Gangá's river, seek not Kuru's holy plain—
 What sin hast thou to atone for? what forgiveness to obtain?

THE DUTY OF SOLDIERS.

NEVER may a noble monarch, guardian of his people, fly,
 Should a greater foe assail him, or a less his arms defy;
 He must bear in mind his duty, as is very meet and right,
 Not to fly the front of battle, but do bravely in the fight.
 To be valiant—guard his people—honour holy Bráhmans—this
 Is the monarch's highest duty, and at length will bring him bliss;
 For those kings who labour nobly, toiling with their might and main
 For high triumph o'er their foemen—a secure and happy reign—
 Shall straightway go up to heaven, when their earthly life is done,
 Guerdon which their noble spirit, and unflinching heart has won.
 Let the soldier, good in battle, never guilefully conceal
 (Wherewithal to smite the unwary) in his staff the treacherous steel;
 Let him scorn to barb his javelin—let the valiant ne'er anoint
 With fell poison-juice his arrows, ne'er put fire upon the point.
 In his car, or on his war-horse, should he chance his foe to meet,
 Let him smite not if he find him lighted down upon his feet.
 Let him spare one standing suppliant, with his closed hands raised
 on high,
 Spare him whom his long hair loosen'd blinds and hinders from
 to fly—
 Spare him if he sink exhausted; spare him if for life he crave;
 Spare him crying out for mercy, Take me, for I am thy slave.

Still remembering his duty, never let the soldier smite
One unarm'd, defenceless, mourning for one fallen in the fight ;
Never strike the sadly wounded—never let the brave attack
One by sudden terror smitten, turning in base flight his back ;
He that, flying from the battle, by his foe is slaughter'd there,
All the burthen of his captain's sin hereafter shall he bear ;
And whate'er the store of merit laid up by the wretch that fled,
He shall lose it, and the captain shall enjoy it in his stead.

THE DUTY OF KINGS.

HE that ruleth should endeavour with his might and main to be
Like the Powers of God around him, in his strength and majesty ;
Like the Rain-God in due season sendeth showers from above,
He should shed upon his kingdom equal favour, gracious love ;
As the Sun draws up the water with his fiery rays of might,
Thus let him from his own kingdom claim his revenue and right ;
As the mighty Wind unhinder'd bloweth freely where he will,
Let the monarch, ever present with his spies all places fill ;
Like as in the judgment Yama punisheth both friends and foes,
Let him judge and punish duly rebels who his might oppose ;
As the Moon's unclouded rising bringeth peace and calm delight,
Let his gracious presence ever gladden all his people's sight ;
Let the king consume the wicked—burn the guilty in his ire,
Bright in glory, fierce in anger, like the mighty God of Fire ;
As the General Mother feedeth all to whom she giveth birth,
Let the king support his subjects, like the kindly-fostering Earth.

The Rámáyana.

THE following extract will, it is hoped, convey a favourable idea of the touching simplicity of this ancient poem, which, deficient as it is in Epical integrity, contains many passages of rare beauty and general interest. The subject of the episode is briefly this:— Dasaratha, the father of the hero Ráma, and sovereign of Ayodhyá, had given a rash promise to his second wife to grant her two boons whenever she should ask them; she accordingly demands the banishment for fourteen years of her husband's eldest son Ráma, the child of her rival Kausalya; and his birthright for her own offspring. The sorrowing father is forced to comply, and in the agony of his bereavement, he relates to the weeping Kausalya, how his own rash hand had once made others childless, and that vengeance for the slain, which has already robbed him of his beloved son, will now suffer him to live no longer.

DEATH OF THE HERMIT BOY.

HEAVY was his soul within him—still in Dasaratha's breast
 Memory of woe kept brooding, and forbade the king to rest;
 Deep despair upon his spirit mourning for his offspring lay,
 As when darkness veils the glories of the dying Source of Day.
 O'er him came with bitter anguish the rash deed his hand had done,
 Spake he sorrowing to Kausalya, sighing, weeping, for her son:—
 "Art thou waking, mournful lady? give me all thy listening ear,
 Harken to a tale of sorrow,—to an ancient deed of fear.
 Surely each must reap the harvest of his actions here below,
 Virtuous deed shall bear a blessing, sin shall ever bring forth woe;
 Bright are the Palása's blossoms, homely is the Ámra tree,
 And a man will fell the Ámras, tend Palásas carefully.

For awhile his heart is merry, when he sees the flowers so fair,
But in summer-time he sorrows, seeking fruit, for none is there.
Fool ! I water'd bright Palásas, laid the useful Amras low ;
Now I mourn for banish'd Ráma, and my folly fruiteth woe.
'Tis a deed of youthful rashness brings on me this evil day,
As a young child tasteth poison, eating death in heedless play.
'Twas a day of summer rain-time, filling my young soul with love ;
The great sun had dried the earth-dews with his hot beams from
above,
And in highest heaven turning, journey'd on his southward road,
Racing towards the gloomy region, the Departed's sad abode ;
Balmy cool the air was breathing, welcome clouds were floating by,
Humming bees with joyful music swell'd the glad wild peacock's cry.
Their wing-feathers wet with bathing, birds slow flying to the trees,
Rested in the topmost branches, fann'd by the soft summer breeze ;
Like the Great Deep, many-twinkling, gold-shot with gay peacocks'
sheen,
Gleaming with the fallen rain-drops sea-bright all the hills were seen ;
Whilst like serpents, winding swiftly, torrents from the mountain side,
Hiss'd along, some bright and flashing, turbid some and ochre-dyed.
With my bow in that glad season to Surayu's stream I drove,
Bent to try my archer-prowess in a dark and stately grove ;
There I lay in ambush hidden by the river's reedy side,
Where the monsters of the forest sought at eve the cooling tide.
Hark ! a sound of gurgling water fell upon my listening ear,
All was dark in night around me,—truly, 'twas a sound of fear.
Eager to lay low the monster, forth a glittering shaft I drew,
Poisonous as fell serpent's venom from the string the arrow flew ;
Then I heard a bitter wailing, and a voice, " Ah me ! ah me !"
Of one wounded, falling, dying, calling out in agony ;
Writhing on the bank in anguish with a plaintive voice cried he,
" Ah ! wherefore has this arrow smitten a poor harmless Devotee ?

Here at eve to fill my pitcher to this lonely stream I came,
 Tell me, whom have I offended, how have I deserv'd blame ?
 Who should slay the guiltless Hermit, living in the secret wood,
 His sole drink the river water, simple herbs and fruit his food ?
 Will the murderer spoil my body ? Am I for my vesture slain ?
 Little from my deerskin mantle, or my bark coat will he gain ;
 'Tis not mine own death that pains me—from my aged parents torn,
 Long their stay and only succour—'tis for their sad fate I mourn.
 Who will feed them when I am not ? Heedless youth, whoe'er
 thou art,

Thou hast murder'd father, mother, offspring—all with one fell dart.”
 Horror seized my soul within me, and my mind was well-nigh gone,
 In the stilly calm of evening as I heard that piteous moan ;
 Rushing forward through the bushes, on Surayu's bank I spied,
 Lying low, a young Ascetic, with my shaft deep in his side ;
 With his matted hair dishevell'd, and his pitcher cast away,
 From his side the life-blood ebbing, smear'd with dust and gore he lay ;
 Then he fix'd his eyes upon me,—scarcely could my senses brook,
 As these bitter words he utter'd, that long last departing look :—
 Only to fetch water came I—tell me, wherefore do I bleed ?
 Have I sinn'd against thee, monarch ; done thee wrong in word
 or deed ?

Ah ! I'm not thine only victim—cruel king, thy heedless dart
 Pierces too a father's bosom, and an ag'd mother's heart.
 They, my parents, blind and feeble, from this hand alone can drink,
 When I come not, thirsting, hoping, sadly to the grave they'll sink.
 No fruit from my Veda studies, none from Penance do I gain,
 For my hapless father knows not his dear son is lying slain ;
 Ah ! and if he knew me dying, powerless to save were he,
 As a tree can never rescue from the axe the doom'd tree.
 Hasten to him, son of Raghu ! tell my father of my fate,
 Lest his wrath like fire consume thee—hasten ere it be too late !

There within the shady forest is my father's hermitage,
 Go, entreat him, son of Raghu! lest he curse thee in his rage;
 Hasten, king!—but first in mercy draw this arrow from my side;
 Ah! it eats away my body, as the river-bank the tide.”
 Mind-distracted thus I ponder'd;—Now he writhes in agony,
 When I draw the deadly arrow from his body he must die.
 Quick he saw the doubt that held me, pitying, fearing, where I stood,
 And the wounded boy address'd me, conquering pain by fortitude :—
 “ Let not thy sad heart be troubled for thy sin if I should die,
 Lessen'd be thy grief and terror, for no Twice-born,* King! am I;
 Fear not, thou mayst do my bidding guiltless of a Bráhma's death,
 Wedded to a Vaisya father, Súdra mother gave me breath.”
 Thus he spake, and I down kneeling, drew the arrow from his side;
 Then the Hermit, rich in penance, fix'd his eyes on me, and died.
 Pierced through, wetted by the ripples, by Surayu lying dead,
 Bitterly I mourn'd the Hermit, weeping, much disquieted.
 Motionless I stood in sorrow—sadly, anxiously I thought,
 How to minister most kindly to the woe my hand had wrought.
 From the stream I fill'd the pitcher, and, as he had told the road,
 Quickly reach'd the lowly cottage where the childless twain abode;
 Talking of their son's long tarrying, a poor agéd sightless pair,
 Like two birds with clipt wings, helpless, none to guide them, sat
 they there.
 Sadly, slowly, I approach'd them, by my rash deed left forlorn,
 Crush'd with terror was my spirit, and my mind with anguish torn;
 At the sound of coming footsteps thus I heard the old man say,
 “ Dear son, bring me water quickly—thou hast been too long away!
 Bathing in the stream, or playing, thou hast stay'd so long from home;
 Come, thy mother longeth for thee—come in quickly, dear child, come!
 Be not angry, mine own darling—keep not in thy memory
 Any hard word from thy mother, any hasty speech from me;

* One of either of the first three classes, a Bráhma, Kshatriya, or Vaisya.

Thou art thy poor parents' succour, eyes art thou unto the blind ;
 Speak, on thee our lives are resting—why so silent and unkind ? ”
 Thus I heard, yet deeper grieving, and in fresh augmented woe,
 Spoke to the bereav'd father, with words faltering and slow :—
 Not thy child, O noble-minded—Dasaratha, Sage ! am I ;
 By a deed of sinful rashness plunged with thee in misery.
 Toward Surayu's bank I wander'd, with my arrows and my bow,
 To lay some thirsty elephant or a savage tiger low ;
 Mark ! a sound, some monster drinking ; all the place around
 was dark,
 But I sent the deadly arrow—oh ! too truly to the mark.
 Sounding swiftly from my ambush, to the river's bank I hied,
 Lying lay a young Ascetic, with my arrow in his side !
 Forth I drew the fatal weapon—then his last lament was given
 To his ag'd, helpless parents—and his spirit went to heaven.
 Thus he died, thy son, O Hermit, by this hand unwittingly ;
 Let deep sorrow win thy pardon—oh ! be gracious, pity me.”
 'Er his cheeks at my sad story flow'd the tear-streams in a flood,
 Scarce for weeping spake the hermit, as with folded hands I stood ;
 King ! hadst thou conceal'd this horror—this blood-shedding left
 untold,
 On thy head the sin had fallen with its fruit ten thousand-fold ;
 For a Warrior stain'd with murder, of a Hermit above all,
 From his high estate, blood-guilty, were he Indra's * self, must fall ;
 Thou dost live, for all unconscious, monarch ! didst thou slay my son ;
 Else had all the race of Raghu fallen, by thy deed undone ;
 Lead us, king, by thee bereav'd, lead us to the fatal place,
 Let us fold our darling's body in a long and last embrace.”
 By the hand I led the mourners to the river where he lay,
 Fondly clasp'd the sightless parents in their arms the death-cold clay ;

* The deity presiding over the Hindu Paradise, and the secondary divinities.

Bow'd down by their bitter anguish sank they by the dead boy's side,
And the sage in lamentation lifted up his voice and cried :—

“ Hast thou not a greeting for me? Am not I thy father dear?
Answer!—but one word, my darling!—wherefore art thou lying here?
Art thou angry with thy father? Speak to me, belov'd one!
Surely thou wast ever duteous—look then on thy mother, son!
Come, dear child, embrace thy father, put thy little hand in mine,
Let me hear thee sweetly prattle some fond playful word of thine.
Ah! who'll read me now the Vedas, filling my old heart with joy?
Who, when evening rites are over, cheer me mourning for my boy?
Who will bring me fruits and water, roots and wild herbs from
the wood?

Who supply the helpless hermit, like a cherish'd guest, with food?
Can I tend thine ag'd mother till her weary life is done?
Can I feed her, soothe her sorrow, longing for her darling son?
Stay, dear child, nor fly so quickly to grim Yama's dark abode,
Stay! thy father and thy mother will go with thee on the road;
In the wild wood all deserted, none to feed us, none to save,
Quickly will thy ag'd parents sink down mourning to the grave;
Then I'll say to mighty Yama, Hear me, great Vivaswat's son,
Oh, have mercy, King of Justice, and restore our lov'd one;
Just art thou, and good, and famous—let my prayer thy grace
obtain,

Give the son back to his parents; let him be their stay again.
Guiltless boy, by sinner murder'd, join thine own allotted band
In the heaven of slaughter'd heroes slain on earth by others' hand;
Hasten to thy blissful mansion—welcome shalt thou be to those
Who fell nobly here in battle, with their bold front to their foes.
Thou shalt dwell among those blessed up in Indra's Paradise,
Who have risen by holy Study, or by Penance to the skies;
All who loved their ghostly masters, led a right God-fearing life,
Tended well the Sacred Fire, chastely clave to one dear wife;

o one of thy race and lineage shall for aye unhappy be,
 ut the wretch whose rash hand slew thee shall sink down to misery.
 us the Hermit spake lamenting ; and the mourning pair begun
 orrow's last and saddest duties o'er the body of their son.
 ut the boy, to whose pure virtue the well-earn'd meed was given
 ith the Happy Ones to mingle high above in Indra's Heaven,
 spake to his bereav'd parents, to their sad hearts whispering peace,
 clothed in glory, high exalted, thus he bade their sorrows cease :—
 I have won by filial virtue bliss supreme without alloy,
 me, my ever-lov'd parents, follow and partake my joy."
 us the Hermit's son address'd them, and straightway before
 their eyes.
 iding in a heavenly chariot, mounted up into the skies.
 uly were the sad rites ended by the parents' loving care,
 nd again the Sage address'd me as I stood a suppliant there :—
 Thou hast slain my well-belov'd,—robb'd my one dear child
 of breath,
 lay me, slay the childless father—there is now no sting in death.
 ut—for thou hast kill'd my darling—wretched King ! thy breast
 shall know
 omething of the pangs I suffer—a bereav'd father's wo.—
 us I lay my curse upon thee — for this thing that thou
 hast done,
 s I mourn for my belov'd, thou shalt sorrow for a son."
 us the childless Hermit cursed me, and straightway the aged pair
 o the funeral pile ascended, and breathed out their spirits there.
 ady dear ! that youthful folly fruiteth wo upon my head,
 eavy is my heart within me, and my soul disquiet'd ;
 ea, the ancient Hermit's cursing is fulfill'd on me this day,—
 orrow for my banish'd Ráma taketh all my life away.
 Kiss me now, my own Kausalya, quickly will my vital breath
 eave me at the awful summons of the messengers of Death ;

Wo is me ! my son, my Ráma—oh ! 'tis bitter thus to die
When my child, my best belovéd, gladdens not my closing eye.
Blest are they as Gods in Heaven, who shall see my noble son
Entering his halls in triumph when his weary exile's done ;
Wo is me ! my soul is darken'd, and my senses well-nigh fled,
Like the parting feeble gleamings that the dying torches shed.
Oh ! my son ! thy father's glory ! oh ! that thou wert by my side !
Fare thee well, mine own Kausalya !—Thus the sorrowing father
died !

✓
The Mahābhārata. pp. 19-68.

SAVITRI, OR THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

LIVED a Monarch of the Madras, just and holy, mighty-soul'd,
 Truthful, lover of all virtue, with his passions well controll'd ;
 Counteous, sacrificing ever—Aswapati was his name,
 Kind was he to every creature, loved by all who knew his fame.
 But the Monarch still was childless—many a weary year pass'd he
 Fasting, praying aye for offspring in devout Austerity ;
 Twelve nine years he lived in Penance, praying to the Gods in Heaven,
 And at length they sent a daughter, to his long entreaties given ;
 The young child was called Savitri—beautiful exceedingly
 Grew the happy Monarch's darling, lovely as Incarnate Śrī.*
 Bright in her surpassing beauty, seem'd she to men's wondering eyes
 Like a child of the Immortals new-descended from the skies.
 But at the fair maiden's glory, blazing in her youthful pride,
 Every prince around was dazzled, and none sought her for a bride.
 When the King beheld his daughter ripening in her virgin bloom,
 Still unwoo'd by princely suitor, care came o'er his soul, and gloom.

* The wife of the God Vishnu, and the Venus of the Indian poets.

THE KING.

“ Choose thyself a bridegroom,* Lady ! for none asketh thee of me,
Choose, and let me hear, my daughter, the young prince that
pleaseth thee.

For 'tis said in Holy Scripture (thus have I from Bráhmans heard,
And I will repeat it to thee—listen to thy father's word)
—‘ Whoso giveth not in marriage—whoso seeketh not a wife
—Doeth wrong ; and whoso guardeth not his widow'd mother's life.’
Thou hast heard this text, my dearest—now obey thy father's voice,
That I be not found a sinner, quickly go and make thy choice.”
Meekly bow'd the modest maiden, with her eyes upon the ground,
And departed, as he bade her, with attendants troop'd around ;
Many a Hermitage she traversed, riding in a gold-bright car,
Many a wilderness and forest, holy places near and far ;
Honouring the mighty Sages, duly paying reverence meet,
And where'er the Lady journey'd, laying treasures at their feet.

II.

Meanwhile to the Madras' Monarch, lo ! a Saint of mighty fame,
Nárad, holiest of the holy, full of truth and wisdom, came ;
She had traversed all the dwellings of the Hermits with her train,
And the Lady now return'd to her father's house again.
When within the palace saw she holy Nárad with the King,
Lowly bent the modest maiden, Saint and father reverencing.

* Manu. iv. 90. “ Three years let a damsel wait, though she be marriageable, but after that term let her choose for herself a bridegroom of equal rank.”

The *Swayamvara*, or public choice of a husband by a princess, from a number of suitors assembled for the purpose, is frequently mentioned and described in the ancient Epic poems of India.

NÁRAD.

“ Whither has thy daughter travell’d ? Why unwedded is her life ?
Wherefore dost thou not bestow her, young and fair, to be a wife ? ”

THE KING.

“ ’Twas for this I sent my daughter forth to every Hermitage,
Hear what husband she hath chosen from herself, O holy Sage !
Tell at length thy tale, my daughter—say what bridegroom thou
wilt take.”

As a God’s she heard his bidding, and ’twas thus the maiden spake :
‘ Lived a Monarch of the Salwas, mighty warrior, just of mind,
Dyumatsena—thus his name was—but, alas ! the King grew blind ;
Sightless he—his son an infant—in this dire extremity
Fell his kingdom to a kinsman, to a ruthless enemy ;
And he fled with Balavatsa, his belovèd faithful wife,
To a Hermit-grove in sorrow—there in Penance pass’d his life ;
His brave son to manhood’s glory rear’d within the holy grove,
Satyavan my heart has chosen—Satyavan has all my love.”

NÁRAD.

‘ Hapless is her choice, O Monarch ! little does the maiden know,
How with Satyavan she chooses care and misery and wo.”

THE KING.

‘ Tell me, is he apt for glory, gifted with a noble mind ?
Tell me, is the Prince heroic, is he patient, firm, resign’d ? ”

NÁRAD.

‘ Learnèd as the Gods’ own Teacher, glorious as the Sun is he ;
With the Earth’s untiring patience, and great Indra’s bravery.”

THE KING.

“ Is the youth a bounteous giver, pious, true, and dutiful ?
Is he of a noble spirit, fair of form, and beautiful ? ”

NÁRAD.

“ Noble is the prince and lovely, pious, true, and great of soul,
Bountiful is he and modest—every sense does he control ;
Gentle, brave, all creatures love him—keeping in the righteous way,
Number’d with the holy Hermits, pure and virtuous as they.”

THE KING.

“ Say’st thou she hath err’d in choosing, if thus glorious is he ?
Let me know the fault that stains him—if in such a fault can be.

NÁRAD.

“ Yea, one cloud upon his virtues makes them profitless, O King !
’Tis a fault he ne’er can master by severe endeavouring ;
Subject to one shade, O Monarch—only one—his virtues lie,
In a year from this day counting, Satyavan shall surely die.”

THE KING.

“ Go, my dearest child, Savitri, go, my daughter, choose again,
This one fault is overwhelming, and his virtues are in vain.”

SAVITRI.

“ Be he virtuous or worthless—many be his days, or few,
Once for all I choose my husband—to that choice will I be true.”

NÁRAD.

“ Firm is her fix’d heart, O Monarch ! and her purpose changeless still,
And thou must not force her from it, but perform thy daughter’s will ;

and 'tis good to give her to him, for there liveth not a man
 gifted with the noble virtues of her chosen Satyavan."

III.

Priests and Bráhmans were assembled; lucky was the day and good,
 When the King with his fair daughter journey'd to the holy wood;
 To the Hermit-King advanced he, and due salutation made,
 Kindly was the royal stranger welcomed, and 'twas thus he said:
 "See this maiden, my Savitri, good and lovely standing here,
 Give her to thy son, great Hermit! take her for thy daughter dear."

DYUMATSENA.

Nay, but we are sad Ascetics—all unking'd, unfortunate,
 'Tis no life for this young Princess, one so fair and delicate."

THE KING

Well we know (and our firm purpose is not changed at all by this)
 What is lowliness and splendour, what is misery and bliss;
 Frustrate not my hopes, O Hermit—I have come in love to thee,
 Send us not away despis'd—take her to thy family!
 As is thy heart so my heart is, fitly shall we be allied,
 Let the maiden be thy daughter—Satyavan's beloved bride."
 Gladly then the Hermit summon'd all the Brahmins of the grove,
 And the Princes gave Savitri duly wedded to her love.
 With his wife of rarest virtues, oh! how did the youth rejoice!
 Oh! how happy was the Lady with the husband of her choice!
 All the gems that deck'd her beauty she put off in lowliness,
 And her gentle limbs she cover'd with a hard rough Hermit dress;
 By her meekness and affection, by her ministering care,
 Did the sweet contented Lady win the heart of each one there.
 Thus within the Hermit-dwelling with her love continued she,
 Passing all the time in Penance, and devout Austerity.

IV.

Sadly, sadly as she counted, day by day flew swiftly by,
 And the fated time came nearer when her Satyavan must die.
 Yet three days, and he must perish—sadly thought the loving wife,
 And she vow'd to fast unresting for his last three days of life.
 When they told him of her purpose, vex'd was the Hermit-King,
 Thus unto his high-soul'd daughter spake he deeply sorrowing :—
 “ Over-hard for thee the trial—O my Princess, how canst thou,
 For three nights in Penance standing, execute thy fearful vow ? ”

SAVITRI.

“ Grieve not, dearest father, think not I shall sink beneath its length,
 Firm resolve has made me vow it—firm resolve will give me strength.”

DYUMATSENA.

“ And to break thy vow, my daughter, never will I counsel thee :—
 Go, perform it—is the counsel that should come from one like me.”

Thus he spake, and left the votaress to perform her purposed will,
 Like a fair and stately column, standing motionless and still.
 Sadly o'er the grieving Lady went the last unhappy night,
 For her Satyavan must leave her—perish in the morrow's light.
 'Twas the day—the Fire of Worship at the rising of the sun
 By the votaress was kindled, and the morning rites were done.
 All the holy ag'd Bráhmans in due form saluted she,
 And her husband's honour'd parents, as a suppliant, reverently ;
 Graciously the pious dwellers in the holy Hermit-grove
 Spake in kindness to the Lady words of blessing and of love ;
 But the prophecy of Nárad ever weigh'd upon her heart,
 As approach'd the dreaded moment when her love and she must part.
 Came her loving parents near her, and besought her where she stood,
 Now her weary vow was over, to refresh her soul with food ;

“Nay, no bread for me, dear parents, till the sun has sunk to rest,*
 Still is my resolve unchanging—firm the purpose of my breast.”
 When her husband heard Savitri thus her stern intention say,
 With his axe upon his shoulder to the wood he took his way ;
 But she stay’d him, “Nay, dear husband, but thou must not go alone ;
 Oh ! I cannot bear to leave thee, I will go with thee, mine own.”

SATYAVAN.

“All unknown to thee the forest—rough the path and weary thou,
 How then will thy feet support thee, fainting from thy fasting vow ?”

SAVITRI.

“Nay, I sink not from my fasting, and no weakness feel to-day,
 I have set my heart on going—oh ! forbid me not, I pray.”

SATYAVAN.

“If it be thy earnest longing, I will do what pleaseth thee,
 Ask my father, ask my mother, that no blame may fall on me.”

Gladly went she, and entreating thus before the parents stood,
 “Satyavan, my Lord, is going to fetch wild-fruits from the wood ;
 I would go and tend my husband, if ye will not say me nay,
 For the thought of absence from him seems unbearable to-day.
 Nigh a year within the garden of the Hermitage I’ve stay’d,
 Fain I’d see the glorious forest with its flowers and its shade.”
 Readily her boon was granted, and Savitri, Lady fair,
 Went out with her husband smiling, but her heart was sad with care.
 Lovely woods and stately peacocks met the broad-eyed Lady’s view,
 “See !” he cried, the charming forest, see the flowers of brilliant hue.”

* 2 Samuel xii. 22. “While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept ; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live ? But now he is dead wherefore should I fast ? Can I bring him back again ?”

But she look'd upon him only, mourn'd him even as the dead,
 As the word the Sage had utter'd she again remember'd.
 Delicately walking onwards after her dear Lord she went,
 And expecting, fearing ever, her sad heart in twain was rent.

V.

She, their parching lips to moisten, cooling fruits and berries found,
 Satyavan with ringing hatchet made the silent woods resound ;
 On his brow the heat-drops thicken'd, as with might and main
 toil'd he,

Sudden through his burning temples shot a thrill of agony.

"Dearest!" cried he to Savitri, "racking pains have seized my head,
 Aching is my heart within me, and my limbs are wearied ;

I must rest awhile, my darling ! pierced with arrows seems my brain,
 Dearest ! I can stand no longer—rest and sleep will soothe my pain."

Down upon the ground she sate her—laid his head upon her breast,
 And the loving, grieving lady lull'd her Satyavan to rest.

Sudden, lo ! before Savitri stood a great and awful One,

Red as blood was his apparel, bright and glowing as the Sun ;

In his hand a noose was hanging ; he to Satyavan stood nigh,

And upon the weary sleeper fix'd his fearful glittering eye.

Up she rose in shuddering terror, on the ground she laid his head,
 And in suppliant posture, grieving, thus with beating heart she
 said :—

"Sure thou art a God, for mortals never thus in form appear,
 Tell me, mighty being ! tell me who thou art, and wherefore here?"

YAMA.

"Good and pious art thou, Lady ! and a faithful loving wife,
 Therefore will I speak unto thee—I am Yama, End of life ;
 Short-lived is thy noble husband, and his time is come to die,
 I must bind and take his spirit ; Lady ! for this cause came I."

SAVITRI.

' But 'tis said thy rapid angels carry men away to death,
 Wherefore then in person hast thou come to rob my Lord of breath ! ”
 To the King of the Departed thus the gentle Lady spake ;
 And he told her all his purpose, for her love and virtue's sake : —
 ' Angels may not bind thy husband, one of goodness so austere,
 One so pure from sin's defilement, therefore I myself am here.”
 Out then from the sleeper's body forc'd he, and bound with strength,
 In his cord, the vital being, as it were a finger's length.
 In an instant from the features all the grace and beauty fled,
 When the lively breath had left him lying motionless and dead ;
 Having bound the captive spirit, towards the South then went
 the King,
 And Savitri follow'd closely, for her husband sorrowing.

YAMA.

' Nay, but go thou back, Savitri, and his funeral rites prepare,
 Far as faithful wife should follow, thou hast follow'd, Lady fair.”

SAVITRI.

Wheresoe'er my husband goeth, in the way where he is led,
 There Savitri, faithful ever, still unfalteringly will tread ;
 For my Penance' sake, and duty to my elders that I show—
 Vifely love, and thine own favour, oh ! forbid me not to go !
 Him that goes seven paces with thee truthful Sages call a friend,
 Thus I claim thy friendship, Yama !—I will speak, do thou attend !
 Men, induced by various motives, in the wood their dwelling make,
 Some go there for holiest Duty, some for home and shelter's sake ;
 Duty leads the Righteous thither, and as holy men account,
 Duty is the noblest motive—Duty aye is paramount.

One man's pure Devotion leads us in the forest to remain,
 Much availeth high Devotion—let the Good ne'er ask in vain.” *

YAMA.

“ Thy sweet speech has charm'd me, Lady ! and a boon to thee I give ;
 I will grant whate'er thou askest, saving that thy Lord may live.”

SAVITRI.

“ In the Hermit-grove, neglected, reft of kingdom, reft of sight,
 Let my husband's sire recover vision and his royal right.”

YAMA.

“ Yea, this boon I grant thee, fairest—it shall be as thou dost pray,
 But return thou home, Savitri, lest thou faint upon the way.”

SAVITRI.

“ Can I faint when near my husband ? where he goes my path
 shall be,
 I will follow where thou leadest—listen once again to me :
 He that to all living creatures nought but loving-kindness shows,
 Has the truest, best Religion †—good men pity e'en their foes.”

* The whole of this passage is excessively obscure ; Savitri appears to found a hope of a favourable hearing upon the merits of the royal anchorite, her father-in-law, and to claim a blessing for the whole family on account of the Penance and Devotion of its head.

†

“ He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast ;
 He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small,
 For the dear God who loveth us—
 He made and loveth all.”—*Ancient Mariner*.

YAMA.

Sweet as water to the thirsty, Lady ! are thy words to me,
ask again—*his* life excepted—gladly will I grant it thee.”

SAVITRI.

Heirless is the King, my father—let a hundred sons of fame,
Duly born unto the Monarch, spread the glories of his name.”

YAMA.

Lady ! it shall be unto him even as thy wishes are,
But return—thy prayer is granted ; Princess, thou hast travell'd far.”

SAVITRI.

'Tis not far, for *he* is near me—further, further speeds my mind ;
Onwards ! I will speak, O Yama ! let my words a hearing find :—
Resteth more upon the Righteous than on self Man's confidence,
Therefore seeketh each the Worthy's friendship and benevolence ;
Gladly to the Good and Holy all their trusting love they give,
Boundless is the good man's kindness, for he loveth all that live.”

YAMA.

Thou hast spoken well and wisely—never yet spake woman so ;
To my soul thy words are pleasant—ask another boon, and go ! ”

SAVITRI.

Grant that many a prince, O Yama ! I to Satyavan may bear,
To uphold his house for ever, mighty, virtuous, and fair.”

YAMA.

Many a son, fair, good, and mighty, Lady ! shall of thee be born,
But return, thy home is distant—faint art thou, and travel-worn.”

SAVITRI.

“Nay, the Good ne’er cease well-doing, and they know not weariness ;
 Never is their meeting fearful, never is it profitless ;
 Great are they—the Sun in heaven guide they by their Truth
 and Worth,
 And bear up by their Devotion, this vast dwelling-place the Earth ;
 Never, when the Good are near them, do the Good faint wearily,
 For the Good uphold for ever all that has been and shall be.” *

YAMA.

“Just and sweet thy words are, true one,—ask, and I will not refuse
 (So my soul is pleasèd with thee,) any boon that thou shalt choose.”

SAVITRI.

“Nought hast thou excepted, Monarch ! in this choice that thou
 dost give :
 I am dead without *his* presence—let my dearest husband live !
 I would spurn all earthly pleasures, spurn all bliss in Heaven above,
 Earth can have no raptures for me,—Heaven no joy without my love !”

Said the King of the Departed, “O Savitri, faithful wife !
 It shall be as thou entreatest—I restore thy husband’s life ;
 Centuries shall he live with thee ; o’er his father’s kingdom reign,
 And by Sacrifice and Justice, highest fame and glory gain.

* “Think ye the spires that glow so bright
 In front of yonder setting sun,
 Stand by their own unshaken might ?
 No—where the upholding grace is won
 We dare not ask, nor heaven would tell ;
 But sure from many a hidden dell,
 From many a rural nook unthought of there,
 Rises for that proud world the saints’ prevailing prayer.”—KEBLE.

Thou shalt see thy loved ones happy—very blessed shalt thou be,
 For of all the gifts I promised, none shall fail to come to thee.”
 Thus the King of Justice ended, and then quickly went his way,
 And the eager Lady hasten'd where her husband's body lay.
 Till upon the ground she found him, by his side she gently bent,
 And upon her faithful bosom, tenderly his head she leant.
 Awake he then to his Savitri, waking up to sense and life,
 Like one who has long been absent, looking fondly on his wife :—
 Wherefore didst not thou arouse me? long have I been
 sleeping here ;
 Where is he, that swarthy being, who in awful form stood near ? ”

SAVITRI.

Thou hast slumber'd long, my dearest! resting on my lap thy head,
 And that mighty God has left us,—Yama, Monarch of the Dead.
 Tell me, has thy sleep refresh'd thee? rise, I pray thee, from
 the ground,
 See! the night is thickening o'er us, and dark shades are closing round.”
 Up he rose, by slumber strengthen'd, and now conscious fix'd
 his eye
 On the forest's distant boundaries, and the quarters of the sky.

SATYAVAN.

O Savitri, dainty-waisted ! from our home I came with thee,
 Here with fruit we fill'd our basket, here, my love, I fell'd the tree ;
 Faint with toil and sudden anguish, sank I sleeping on thy breast,
 But so far do I remember—tell me, if thou canst, the rest ;
 For a man exceeding glorious saw I then, or seem'd to see,
 Say, Savitri, was I dreaming, or was all reality ? ”
 She made answer to her husband, “ Night's dark shadows round
 us fall,
 When the morrow's light returneth, dearest ! I will tell thee all ;

Up then and away, I pray thee—come unto thy parents, love !
See ! the sun has long time vanish'd, and the night grows black above ;
Ravening beasts that roam the forest, for their midnight booty prowl,
Listen ! they are roaming near us—listen to their angry howl !”

SATYAVAN.

“All the wood is full of terrors, black with night's thick shades around,
How shall the long way be traversed, and our homeward path
be found ?”

SAVITRI.

“In the wood a tree stood burning, as to-day we hither came,
Even now the wind hath fann'd it, and I see the flickering flame ;
Quickly will I bring a firebrand, and a blaze will kindle here,
See ! this wood is lying ready—grieve no more, my husband dear !
Weak art thou and worn with suffering, we will rest us here to-night,
And return, if thou be willing, with the morning's earliest light.”

SATYAVAN.

“All the pain has left me, dearest ! and my limbs again are strong,
Let us hasten to my parents—we have loiter'd here too long.
Never from the Hermit-cottage have I stay'd so long away,
Sure my woful mother mourns me—mourn'd me ere the close of day.
With the early morn I left them ; now their hearts are sad with care,
And my father seeks me sorrowing with the Hermits everywhere.
Often have they fondly chid me, ‘Why so late, beloved one !’
Oh, how great will be their anguish, weeping for their absent son !
Often have they said unto me, ‘Child, on thee our lives depend,
'Tis by thee we have our being—without thee our lives must end,
Staff of thy blind agèd parents ! all our hoping rests on thee,
Rests on thee for after-glory, funeral rites, and family.”

Now, e'en now my father questions every dweller in the grove,
 Now he asks of my fond mother, feebly following her love ;
 Must cheer their fainting spirits, and put gladness in their heart,
 Let us haste away, Savitri ! come, my dearest, and depart."

Quickly at her husband's bidding then arose that Lady fair,
 He threw off the dust that stain'd him, and she bound her flow-
 ing hair ;

Then by the hand she took him, aiding Satyavan to rise,
 Saying, as she saw him sadly on the burden fix his eyes ;
 Thou shalt fetch the fruit to-morrow—let the basket be thy care,
 And the axe (for thou art weary) on my shoulder will I bear."
 The other arm she threw around him, fondly on her neck he leant,
 And supporting thus her husband joyfully the Lady went.

VI.

Now the holy Hermit-Monarch had received again his sight,*
 But he wept because his darling came not with the coming night ;
 Absent from their well-belov'd, father—mother—could not rest,
 Through the grove, along the streamlet, sought they weary
 and distress.

And they hear a rustling near them, eagerly the mourners cried :—
 Hark ! our Satyavan is coming, and Savitri by his side ;"
 Fearless of the tangled bushes onwards still their way they sped,
 With their tender feet all wounded, and their minds bewildered.
 But the gentle Hermits found them, and led home the weeping pair,
 And with hopeful words of comfort tenderly relieved their care ;
 Here within the cottage sate they, while their spirits were consoled
 By the tales of bygone heroes, and great warrior-kings of old ;
 But again they wept remembering the brave deeds their boy
 had done,

Where art thou, wife ever faithful ? where art thou, my son, my son ?"

* As Yama had promised at Savitri's prayer.

“ Still he lives,” cried all the Bráhmans—“ let not your sad hearts despair.”

Oh ! what joy came o’er their spirits ! Satyavan and she stood there !

VII.

Heralds brought next morn the tidings that the king his foe was slain ;
 “ Now again let Dyumatsena o’er his faithful subjects reign ;
 Come, great Prince ! thy praise is sounded through our town in every street,

Come, and sit for years unnumber’d on thy father’s fathers’ seat.”
 Honour’d by the holy Bráhmans, honour meet to them he paid,
 And departed for his city, as his loving subjects pray’d ;
 Carried in a fair soft litter ’mid the people’s welcoming,
 Came the Queen and good Savitri to the City of the King ;
 Gladly did the Priests anoint him Sovereign of that kingdom fair, *
 And had Satyavan proclaim’d Royal Prince and Ruling Heir. †
 Time flew by—from fair Savitri, as the mighty God had sworn,
 Many a prince, fair, good and mighty, spreading far her fame,
 was born ;

And she had a hundred brothers, of great majesty and fame,
 Given to the Madras’ monarch, to uphold his royal name ;
 Thus herself, her father, mother, from distress and wo saved she,
 Saved her husband, and his parents, and his coming family.
 Whoso hears this best of stories of Savitri, Faithful Wife,
 May his every wish be granted ! happiness be his for life !

* Thus David was anointed a *second time*, as King of Israel ; and Cœur de Lion, on his return from the Holy Land, caused himself to be crowned anew,—“ as if he intended,” says Hume, “ by that ceremony, to reinstate himself in his throne, and to wipe off the ignominy of his captivity.”

† Yuva-rāja—literally, *young king*—the Heir Apparent associated to the throne, like the *Cæsars* of the later Roman Empire.

THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN.

THE following wild tale, extracted also from the Mahábhárata, that inexhaustible store-house of mythological and historical legends, relates the recovery of the Amrit, or Drink of Immortality, which had been lost, together with other treasures, in the waters of the Deluge, of which the Hindús have preserved a tradition, resembling in several remarkable instances the Hebrew account of that event.

FOR council deep they all appear'd,
The Dwellers of the Sky,
Where Meru, King of Mountains, rear'd
His pinnacles on high ;
How glorious in the nations' sight
Flash'd forth his golden rays,
And scorn'd the Sun's unclouded light
With yet more dazzling blaze !

There trees and herbs and countless flowers
Of heavenly virtue grew,
And through the cool and shady bowers
Sang birds of gorgeous hue.
They met for solemn council there
The Wise Ones, and the Strong,
" Say, how may we our loss repair—
The Amrit, mourn'd so long ? "

Then Vishnu in his wisdom cried,
“ Ye mighty Gods, arise !
Deep hid beneath the whelming tide
The Heavenly Nectar lies ;
Untiringly in ceaseless whirl
Churn ye the vasty Ocean,
And herbs of power and jewels hurl
Into the wild commotion.

“ Vex ye the surges in your strength,
Stir them with ceaseless toil,
So shall the troubled sea at length
Yield back the precious spoil.”
He spake ; and swift at his behest
With eager might they strain
To tear up Mandara’s haughty crest,
And heave him from the plain.

But all their power was defied
By the unshaken hill ;
Vain every effort they applied,
Their strength was fruitless still.
“ O great Lord Vishnu ! hear us now ! ”
Thus pray’d the Heavenly Band,
“ O Brahma ! Hearer of the Vow !
Lay to thy mighty hand ! ”

Then Brahma of the Lotus Eyes
And deep unsearch’d Mind,
And Vishnu, terrible and wise,
To their request inclined ;

They bade Ananta, Serpent King,
Rise from his Ocean-home,
That Hill of Glory down to fling
Far in the flashing foam.

Now wo to Mandara's mountain !
His days of pride are o'er ;
In woods, by gurgling fountain,
The sweet birds sing no more !
“ Come, let us churn the Ocean ! ”
Thus cried the Gods around—
“ For by the ceaseless motion
The Amrit will be found.”

Then did the King of Waters crave
The wondrous task to share,
“ For he was strong beneath the wave
High Mandara's weight to bear.”
Then took the Gods that Hill of Pride
Their churning-stick to be,
And for a turning-strap they tied
The great snake Vasukí.

Uniting with the Serpent King
Labour'd the Gods amain ;
Asurs and Surs, all strove to bring
The Amrit back again.
By the Snake's head Ananta stood,
And pull'd with matchless strength ;
The Gods beyond the moving flood
Dragg'd back his coil'd length.

Then from the mouth of Vasukí
Roll'd clouds of smoke and flame,
Like scorching storm-blasts furiously
The stifling vapours came.
And ceaselessly a rain of flowers
From the fair mountain's brow
Fell softly down in fragrant showers,
And veil'd the hosts below.

Like roaring of a tempest-cloud
The deafening thunder crash'd ;
The sound of Ocean was as loud,
To furious raging lash'd ;
Unnumber'd creatures of the Deep
Died in the troubled Sea ;
And thundering down from Mandara's steep
Fell many a lofty tree.

From branches against branches dash'd
Rose the red flames on high,
And flickering round the mountain flash'd
Like lightnings o'er the sky.
The dwellers of the ancient woods
Felt the remorseless power,
Rush'd vainly to the steaming floods
Scorch'd by the fiery shower ;

Lions and elephants in herds
By blinding terror driven—
With scath'd wings the beauteous birds
No more might soar to heaven ;

But Indra on the toil and pain
Look'd pitying from on high,
And bade a cloud of gentle rain
Come softly down the sky.

Then from each wounded herb and tree
The precious balsam pour'd,
And milk-white roll'd the foaming Sea,
With wondrous juices stored.
“ O Brahma ! weak and worn are We ;
Hear us,” they cried, “ again,
For ceaselessly and fruitlessly
We lash the furious main.

“ Our souls are fainting, and our strength
Fails in the ceaseless strife,
O tell us, shall we gain at length
The drink of endless life ? ”
“ Great Vishnu ! help the toiling band,”
The mighty Brahma said—
And straightway at the high command
He promised matchless aid.

“ To all I give resistless might
Who stir the foaming Sea ;
Still in the glorious work unite,
Till ours the guerdon be.”
And with one heart, and with one will,
They lash'd the raging Ocean,
And furious fast, and wilder still
Arose the fierce commotion.

Then lo! the Moon all cold and bright
Rose from the troubled Sea,
And following in her robes of light
Appear'd the beauteous Srí ;
The Heavenly Horse, and Sura* rose,
And Kaustubha, the Gem
Whose ever-beaming lustre glows
In Vishnu's Diadem.

Last of the train, Dhanwantarí
To their glad sight was given,
The Amrit in a bowl had he,
The Mystic Drink of Heaven.
Then loud and long a joyous sound
Rang through the startled sky ;
“ Hail to the Amrit, lost and found ! ”
A thousand voices cry.

But from the wondrous Churning steam'd
A Poison fierce and dread,
Burning like fire, where'er it stream'd
Thick noisome mists were spread ;
The wasting venom onwards went
And fill'd the Worlds with fear,
Till Brahma to their misery bent
His gracious pitying ear ;
And Siva those destroying streams
Drank up at Brahma's beck,—
Still in thy throat the dark flood gleams,
God of the Azure Neck !

* Wine, personified.

S A K O N T A L Ā.

I.

GAY and glad the hunters gather'd in the pomp of their array,
 When the mighty King Dushyanta sought the wood at early day ;
 Elephants and steeds unnumber'd, footmen, charioteers had he,
 Royal was the troop around him, gay with all their bravery.
 Foresters with knives and lances, clubs and maces round him pour'd,
 Men of war with spear and javelin swell'd the triumph of their lord ;
 High above the loud huzzaing conch-blasts echoed out afar,
 With the elephant's deep roaring, and the rattling of the car.
 Warriors with their various weapons shone in manifold array,
 Battle-cries and acclamation mingled with the horse's neigh,
 As the goodly troop swept onwards, at the glory of the King
 Merry shouts rang out around him, and a noise of triumphing ;
 Whilst upon the noble hero, winner of his own high fame,
 From the lofty palace turrets look'd down many a lovely dame ;
 In their wondering eyes the Monarch, mighty Queller of his Foes,
 Was as Indra, God of Thunder, in whose hand the red bolt glows ;
 "Prince of men! in battle dreaded ; Warrior! when thy wrath is hot,
 They that fight against thy power, feel thy strong arm and are not!"
 Thus the women sang in triumph praises of admiring love,
 And upon the mighty Monarch rain'd fair flowers from above.
 Every tongue was fain to laud him—Bráhmans bless'd him where
 they stood,
 As the King, for hunting eager, went rejoicing to the wood.

Mounted in a gold-bright chariot swiftly rattling o'er the ground,
The great Prince made earth reëcho, and fill'd heaven with the sound ;
Gay as Paradise before him rose a grove exceeding fair,
The wood-apple fruited bravely, and all pleasant trees were there ;
Far, for many a league extended, no man dwelt beneath its shade,
There rough mountain-stones lay scatter'd, and no joyous foun-
tains play'd ;

Wild beasts lurk'd in its recesses, 'twas the kingly lion's home,
Harbour'd there all savage monsters through the forest-wild
that roam ;

Tiger among men, Dushyanta beat up every secret dell
With his hunting train around him—many a beast before him fell ;
Many an arrow shot the Monarch, many a tiger laid he low,
Smiting every beast that ventured within range of his good bow ;
Some with the sharp sword he slaughter'd as they hurried blindly near,
Now with darts the Best of Darters sent to death the flying deer.
Driven from their secret dwellings fled the forest-lords afar,
Fled before the Royal Hunter and his mighty men of war.
Loudly mourn'd they in their sorrow banish'd from their haunts
of old,

In confusion wandering widely—dead their leaders strong and bold ;
To the dry brooks turn'd they thirsting, rack'd by anguish
and despair,

And, their weary spirits fainting, sank down wounded, sense-
less, there.

Sated with the chase the hunters sought to feed upon the game,
Piled the firebrands, quickly kindling, and made ready o'er the flame ;
Eagerly they ate the venison—every hunter had his share,
When all suddenly in fury, as they linger'd feasting there,
Savage elephants burst on them, mighty, wounded, dropping blood,
Trampling hundreds down beneath them, rushing from the thick-
est wood.

II.

But the grove could please no longer when the lordly beasts
were slain,
And the Hunter left the covert crowded with his archer-train.
Thousands though the King had slaughter'd, all unsated yet was he ;
He would seek another forest, bent on noble venery.
Nigh for thirst and hunger fainting, through the wood he drove
in haste,
And beyond its cooling shelter came unto a lonely waste ;
On he sped—the mighty Hunter—through the dreary solitude,
And the long long desert traversed, came he to another wood.
'Twas a grove to make the spirit swell with rapture at the sight—
Here and there rose Hermit-dwellings in that Garden of Delight ;
Soft, cool breezes play'd there ever—flowery shrubs threw
scent around,
With fresh grass that spot was pleasant, and all herbs that grew
on ground ;
Sweet was all the grove with music, and fine birds' clear melody,
And the shrill cicalas mingled their glad voice from every tree ;
Over all reign'd joy and gladness—cool and pleasant was the shade
Which the trees, to heaven upspringing, with their fair long
branches made ;
In that lovely garden flourish'd not a bush without its fruit,
Not a shrub without its flower, none where humming-bees
were mute ;
The Great Archer's soul was gladden'd at the beauty of the wood,
Song-birds, trees, and flowers charm'd him as beneath the shade
he stood.
As the blossom-laden branches wanton'd gently with the breeze,
Flowers of every form and colour rain'd down ceaseless from
the trees ;

Bravely sprung those branches waving in their glorious array,
And the voice of birds' sweet music warbled forth from every spray.
In the boughs, with flowery burden bending lowly to the ground,
Humming-bees, for honey eager, ever made a pleasant sound ;
Whilst a cool breeze, fresh and gentle, wafting scented pollen by,
Wandering round the trees, kept playing as in dalliance amorously.
As he look'd upon the garden with such dainty beauties drest,
Lo ! a Hermitage before him rose, of all the loveliest ;
Here and there blazed sacred fire ; sweet birds sang within
the shade—

The great King bow'd down in homage, and all due obeisance made ;

Beds of flowers, and Fire-Temples, deck'd that pleasant Hermitage,
Holy men dwelt there together—many a mighty Saint and Sage ;
Máliní, bright streamlet, gaily flash'd along her silver tide,
Glades of fresh and cooling verdure gleaming fair along her side ;
As the mighty Warrior enter'd, joy o'er all his senses stole—
'Twas so like the Gods' own Heaven, lovely, ravishing the soul ;
For around the holy dwelling—such the charm of that pure grove—
Savage beasts forgot their fury, and their anger turn'd to love.
Winding round the Hermits' garden he espied a brooklet fair,
Given, as 'twere a nursing mother, for all living creatures there ;
Gemm'd with many a pleasant island, the wild mallard's
reedy home,

Bearing on its curling ripples painted flowers and dancing foam ;
There roam'd the elephant and tiger—there the lion and the bear,
But the calm was broken only by the whispering voice of prayer.
Holy Kásyapa, great-minded, dwelt there by the silver flood,
On the banks of that sweet river the Arch-Saint's fair cottage stood ;
With the bright stream round the dwelling, so enchanting was
the view

Of green shores and lovely islets, that the Hunter nearer drew ;

Stay'd he all his men and horses at the entrance of the wood,
 Where with elephants and footmen crowded thick his chariots stood.
 "Now the unpassion'd Sage I visit," said the Monarch to his men,—
 Kásyapa, the sainted Hermit,—stay ye till I come again."
 Rang out shrilly as he enter'd the wild peacock's merry cries,
 From a garden deck'd with beauty like Kuvera's* Paradise;
 Fled away his thirst and hunger at the passing lovely sight,
 And o'er all the Prince's spirit stole unspeakable delight.
 The great Queller of his Foemen view'd with transport here and there
 Holy Bráhmans, good and pious, ever given to silent prayer;
 When he saw the glorious honours to the God's fair Temples given,
 Fill'd with trancing joy the Monarch thought himself in
 Indra's heaven.

III.

When the wondering King had enter'd Kásyapa's fair Hermitage,
 Eagerly he look'd around him, but saw not the holy Sage;
 Empty seem'd the Hermit's cottage—then with rais'd voice the King,
 "Ho there! who's within?" exclaiming, made the grove and
 garden ring.

Then a maid like Srí for beauty, heavenly-bright and fair as she,
 Came forth from an inner chamber, cloth'd as a Devotee;
 "Thou art welcome, mighty Monarch! welcome!" cried the black-
 eyed maid,
 And she did him honour duly—lowly her obeisance paid;
 Ask'd she of his health and welfare, having led him to a seat,
 Brought wild honey for the stranger, and fresh water for his feet.
 When the kingly guest was seated, with due reverence waiting still,
 Said the maiden good and lovely, "Monarch! let me know thy will."

* The God of Wealth.

Made he answer to the damsel, gazing on her beauty rare,
 Her dear mouth so sweetly smiling, and her form so passing fair :
 “ Came I to the sainted Kanva * homage reverently to pay,
 Where is he—the great—the holy? whither gone? fair maiden, say ! ”

SAKONTALÁ.

“ Seeking wild fruits in the forest has he left the Hermitage,
 Rest thee here awhile, O Monarch ! thou shalt see the holy Sage.”

Spake he to the maid all glorious in her loveliness of face,
 Radiant in her youthful beauty, with the charm of modest grace :—
 “ Who art thou, O dainty-waisted ! dwelling in this holy shade,
 Bright with beauty and all goodness? whence art thou, O lovely maid?
 For the sight of thee has taken all the heart from out my breast,
 I would know thy birth and lineage ; tell me, O thou loveliest ! ”

Thus within the Sage’s dwelling spake Dushyanta, mighty King ;
 Then replied the modest maiden in sweet accents answering :—
 “ With a sire of high Devotion, good and holy, live I here,
 Great-soul’d, stedfast, skill’d in Duty,—Kanva is my father dear.”

THE KING.

“ He—the Mighty—honour’d widely—Saint of high felicity,
 Hath been chaste and holy ever, and no woman’s love knows he ;
 Fair one ! how art thou his daughter ? Virtue’s self might fall away,
 But the Saint would ne’er do folly — Who art thou ? sweet
 maiden, say ! ”

SAKONTALÁ.

“ Hear then how I am the daughter, Monarch, of the holy Sage,
 Hear then how the mighty Kanva once declared my parentage ;

* Another name of the celebrated Saint Kásyapa.

For a Saint who came unto us ask'd great Kanva of my birth,
And he heard this wondrous story from the Sage, great Lord
of Earth!

By his sad and awful Penance many a long and weary day,
Once the mighty Viswamitra fill'd great Indra with dismay—
Thus to Menaka in terror spake the God disconsolate :—

‘ Help, or soon the Saint will hurl me headlong from my high estate ;
Fair one ! of all Nymphs of Heaven thou art best beyond compare,
With thine own bright beauty aid me ! listen, Lady, to my prayer !
Glorious as the Sun through Penance Viswamitra, mighty Saint,
Waxing stronger, ever stronger, makes my soul for terror faint.
Go in thy resistless beauty—arm thee with thy matchless wiles,
Thy love-darting words and glances, and with all thy dearest smiles ;
Turn him from his awful Penance, breathe upon him soft desire,
Make him sin for my salvation, and set all his soul on fire !’

‘ Ah ! I fear,’ the Nymph made answer, ‘ fear the fury of his rage,
Terrible (and that thou knowest) is the anger of the Sage ;
At his majesty and Penance, at his wrath and mightiness,
Even thou, great Indra, tremblest—shall I fear his anger less ?
He could burn the Worlds with fire, lofty Meru’s hill uproot,
And make Earth to her foundation shake beneath his furious foot.
How can such as I come nigh him, bright through Penance,
mighty-soul’d,

How accost the holy Hermit, pure, with every sense controll’d ?
Yet—for thou hast spoken, Indra ! and I will not disobey—
Come, bethink thee how with safety I may go on this my way ;
Send the amorous Wind-God with me, mighty Ruler of the Skies,
And let Káma,* willing comrade, aid my hardy enterprise ;
Let a warm breeze, perfume-laden, blowing softly from the grove,
Shed his wanton breath around us, as I woo the Saint to love.’

* The Indian Cupid.

IV.

“ Thus she spake to mighty Indra ; and the Sovereign of the Skies
Promised a return in safety back to him and Paradise ;
Flew away the Nymph of Heaven, her bright tresses unconfined
Floating o’er her lovely bosom, dallying with the wanton wind ;
Down the airy way she darted, and beheld the glorious Sage
Purified by Fires of Penance, in his own fair Hermitage ;
As she nearer came, and nearer, moving on in amorous play
The Wind-God behind her following, stole her moon-bright
robe away ;—

Swiftly to regain her mantle flew the Fair One down to earth,
Glancing at the amorous felon with a smile of frolic mirth ;
There before the wondering Hermit, peerless-fair and garmentless,
Stood confest the Nymph of Heaven, clad in all her loveliness.
Drunk was all his soul, and ravish’d, as he gazed upon her charms,
Love and Menaka had conquer’d, and the Saint was in her arms.
There in love and all its pleasures flew the happy months away,
To the trancēd Hermit seem’d they but one short delicious day ;
Dearly loved, and dearly loving, heedlessly thus lived the Pair,
Till sweet Menaka was mother of an infant heavenly fair ;
Where on great Himálaya’s summit Máliní’s clear sources rise,
Cruelly she left her daughter and went back to Paradise ;
There a prey to savage lions, helpless in the forest-wild
Pitying vultures saw her lying, and kept guard around the child.
Tended by the birds I found her lying in the wild wood drear,
Raised her, brought her to my cottage, made her mine own
daughter dear ;
And Sakontalá I call’d her, for Sakontas* round her stood,
Tenderly to guard the infant from the dangers of the wood.

* Name of the Indian Vultures.

Thus then, O thou best of Bráhmans, mine own daughter dear
 is she,
 And Sakontalā has ever as her father honour'd me.'

Thus unto the holy Bráhman sainted Kanva told my birth,
 And for Kanva's daughter know me, O thou noble Lord of Earth."

v.

"Doubtless thou art royal, Lady! as thou tellest," said the King;
 "Be my bride, thou dainty-waisted! say, what offering shall
 I bring?

Queenly robes and precious bracelets—chains of gold for that
 dear neck—

Rarest ear-rings for thee, fair one! and bright gems thy hair
 to deck—

Gold and deerskin rugs I give thee; all my riches shall be thine;
 Listen to my prayer, sweet Lady! share my kingdom and be mine.
 Fear not—in Gandharba* wedlock be my bride, thou loveliest!
 For 'tis written, of all bridals the Gandharba is the best."

"Soon," said she, "my holy father wild-fruits from the wood
 will bring,

Stay, and if it be thy pleasure, ask me of my sire, great King."

"Nay, but wed me now, sweet maiden," said the Prince entreatingly,
 Mighty love will brook no tarrying—all my soul is given to thee;
 Thine own kith and keeper art thou, for no kinsman dost thou know,
 Of thyself, O fairest Lady, thy dear self on me bestow.

Eightfold are the forms of Wedlock that great Manu orderèd,
 For the Warrior† the Gandharba is the best, himself hath said;
 Take me in Gandharba wedlock—dearest! why art thou afraid?
 'Tis the best, the holiest union—loving youth with loving maid."

* A prescribed Form of Marriage, which requires only love and mutual agreement.

† *The Kshatriya*—a man of the second, or military and regal class.

SAKONTALÁ.

" King ! if this be right and honest, make a covenant with me,
If, of mine own self the master,* thus I give that self to thee.
Should I bear a son unto thee, make him Partner of thy throne,
Ruling Heir of all thy kingdom, next to thee and thee alone."

" Yea, I swear to thee, bright smiler," answer'd eagerly the King,
And my Queen to mine own city, as 'tis fitting, will I bring."
Then, as is ordain'd the custom, by the hand he took his bride,
And the kingly husband couch'd him by the faultless maiden's side ;
Fondly did her lord console her—Lady ! I will send for thee,
To conduct thee to my city, men and cars and cavalry."
Thus he promis'd the Lady. As his homeward way he went,
On great Kásyapa the Hermit, the King's troubled thoughts
were bent,—

" When he knows our secret wedding will the Hermit angry be,
And pour out his indignation on the Lady and on me ?"
Soon return'd the saintly Kanva to his lovely Hermitage,
But for shame the modest Lady went not out to meet the Sage ;
Yet he thus address'd her kindly—nought was hidden from
his sight,

Gifted with all godlike knowledge, and an eye of heavenly light :—
" Secret was thy marriage, daughter ! yet no folly hast thou done,
For the Warrior, the Gandharba is the fittest union ;
When a youthful Pair unite them, willing, loving, He and She,
Without Veda-texts in wedlock, without witness secretly.
King Dushyanta is thy husband, and his love will make thee blest,
He is righteous, and great-minded, and of men the worthiest ;
And, Sakontalá, the offspring that thy lord hath given thee,
High and mighty, noble-hearted, famous in the world shall be ;

* Thus Portia says :—

" ——— But now I was the *lord*
Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants."

Long shall he enjoy in glory all this sea-encompass'd land,
And stretch out to other regions his strong arm and conquer-
ing hand."

Then she eased him of his burden—wash'd the weary Hermit's feet,
And spake thus when he had rested from the toil and mid-day heat :—
" Now I beg a favour of thee—listen to thy daughter's voice,
And show kindness to Dushyanta, the dear husband of my choice."

KANVA.

" I will bless the noble Monarch for thy sake, my daughter fair ;
Say what boon thou choosest for him—gladly will I grant thy prayer."

Truth and Justice begg'd she for him, and besought the Saint to bless
King Dushyanta and his people with all peace and happiness.

VI.

Time had flown by since the Monarch the sweet maiden woo'd
and won,

And Sakontalā was mother of a fair and beauteous Son ;
Dawning majesty and splendour shone out from his infant face ;
With high virtues was he gifted, noble mind, and charming grace.
Duly were the sacred Birth-rites by great Kanva's pious care
All perform'd upon the Infant, with each holy text and prayer.
There in strength and grace increasing grew he to six years of age,
Like a child of the Immortals, in the Saint's fair Hermitage ;
Tall was he—limb'd like a lion ; pointed were his teeth and white ;
Mark'd his hands with lines of fortune ; broad his front and great
his might ;

To the trees around the cottage strongly bound the mighty Child
Lions, elephants, and tigers, fiercest creatures of the wild.
'Twas his sport to ride the monsters, taming all with wondrous skill,
Savage lions fear'd his power, and fell tigers learn'd his will.

When he saw the Boy's great glory and the marvel of his might,
Said the Sage unto the Lady, "Now thy son must claim his right."
Call'd he then to his disciples, "Make ye ready for the road,
Take the boy and Lady-mother to her royal lord's abode."
Straightway then the youths departed at the Master-Saint's command,
And before them went the Lady and her young child hand in hand;
From the well-known forest went she with her darling at her side,
Oh! she was a fair-brow'd creature, god-like he and lotus-eyed.
To Dushyanta's palace came they, and before her lord stood she,
And the boy before his father bright with sunlike majesty;
Then when they had told their message, the disciples of the Sage
Took their homeward way together back to Kanva's Hermitage;
But Sakontalá bow'd lowly and all fitting reverence paid,
As she stood before the Monarch—and 'twas thus the Lady said:—
'Mighty Lord! receive thine offspring, of thy throne the Ruling Heir;
This the son thou gavest to me—brave is he and heavenly fair;
Come, remember now thy promise, as thy word thou didst engage,
Monarch! when we loved and wedded, there in Kanva's Hermitage."

"False one, nay, I never knew thee," was his answer to the Dame;
Say, who art thou, frail and perjured, lost to virtue, dead to shame?"

Scarce she heard the Monarch's answer; in unspeakable distress
Stood she smitten through with anguish, as a column motionless;
Close her swelling lips then press'd she—on the King glanced angrily,
Scorching all the soul within him with the lightning of her eye;
But in woe and indignation though she hid for shame her face,
Still the meed of long Devotion lost she not, her charming grace;
With her heart awhile she communed, then her angry silence broke,
Sternly look'd upon her husband, and in grief and anger spoke:—
"Darest thou so boldly, Monarch! thine own wedded wife deny?
How canst thou endure, unblushing, like a base-born wretch, to lie?
What is true in this my story, what is false, thine heart doth know;
Be a just and faithful witness—save me from this shame and woe!

He that of himself speaks falsely 'gainst his soul does wickedly,
 Lying to his own perdition, guilty of all sin is he ;
 All alone thyself thou thinkest, knowing not thy bosom's lord,
 By whom all thy sin is noted, and thy secret guilt abhorr'd ;
 Sayeth in his heart the wicked, No one knoweth of my sin—
 Yea, the Gods around him see it, and the Spirit from within.
 Wherefore in contempt, O Monarch! dost thou cast thine eye
 on me?

Not in secret am I speaking—hear me in this company!
 Husband! shouldst thou drive me from thee thus unheard,
 dishonourèd,

Still thy sin will fruit thee sorrow hundred-fold upon thy head.
 Wife, a name is high and holy—worthy *she* the name of Wife,
 She that is his children's mother—she that is her husband's life ;
 One half of the Man the Wife is, and his truest dearest friend,
 Spring of Love and Wealth and Virtue, and high bliss that ne'er
 can end ;

Happy, happy are the Wedded—Holy Rites and home's sweet cares,
 High prosperity and fortune, love and blessedness are theirs ;
 Wives console their lords in anguish, whisper hope in their distress,
 Fathers they in heavenward duties—mothers in their tenderness ;
 They will cheer their husbands' journey through the hard rough
 ways of life,

The best hope and consolation, the best refuge is the Wife ;
 She that loveth well will follow the dear lord she honoureth
 Through all changes of existence, woe and misery and death ;
 Is she reft from his fond bosom, there she waits for him above ;
 If he dies, her life is hateful till she follows to her love ;
 Therefore men, O noble Monarch ! wedded love so highly prize,
 For they gain a wife to bless them here and then in Paradise.
 Sweet as water to the traveller faint with heat and weariness,
 Is a wife's refreshing comfort in the hour of man's distress.

No, not e'en when wroth, to women should a man unkindness show,
 From whom Virtue and Affection, and Love's dearest raptures flow.
 A new self by self begotten is a son,—the Wise have said ;
 Let thy fruitful wife be ever as thy mother honoured.
 Oh ! how blessed is the father, when he sees his new-born son,
 As it were his own face mirror'd ; he is saved and Heaven is won ;
 When all dusty, crawling slowly, the belov'd darling boy
 Comes and kisses his own father, who can tell that father's joy ?
 Here thy son is looking on thee—Monarch ! how canst thou despise
 This appeal of thine own offspring, the mute prayer of those dear eyes ?
 Soft the touch of precious raiment, pleasant woman's kisses are,
 Pleasant is the touch of water, but a son's is sweeter far.
 Father, touch thine own fair offspring, kiss that soft inviting face,
 There can be no touch more pleasant than a darling son's embrace ;
 Mighty Queller of thy Foemen ! this the son I bare to thee,
 I have brought him up to cheer thee, and his father's pride to be ;
 Live ! my son, to years unnumber'd ! peace and happiness be thine,
 For on thee my life is resting, and the glories of my line ;
 Doubtless, King, thou art his father ; look upon thy likeness here,
 Thus would thine own image mirror'd on a lake's fair breast appear.
 Following once the chase thou camest to my father's Hermitage,
 Secretly didst woo and wed me there, a maid of tender age ;
 On Himálaya's lofty summit, of a Nymph of Heaven born,
 By my cruel-hearted mother was I left a babe forlorn ;
 Oh ! what sin has been committed in a former life by me,
 That I thus was left in childhood, and am now disgraced by thee ?
 To my home, by thee deserted, uncomplaining will I go,
 Only recognise my darling, and thine own dear offspring know."

Thus she spake unto the Monarch ; harsh and stern was his reply,
 When there came a voice unto him, heavenly-sweet, from out
 the sky :—

“ Yea, her tale is true, Dushyanta ! of thy Lady think no scorn,
 Duly was the maiden wedded, and to thee this child was born.”
 Wondrous glad he heard the message, welcoming the heavenly sound ;
 Spake he to the Priests in transport, and high Ministers around :—
 “ Listen to the Gods’ own utterance, Priests and Nobles every one,
 Now I recognise my offspring, and receive mine own dear son.”
 Then the father’s holy duties he perform’d upon the boy
 With all care and fond affection, and with all a father’s joy ;
 On the boy’s head his was rested ; round the child his arms
 were flung,

While the Bráhmans did him honour, and the Bards his praises sung.
 Then he turn’d him to the Lady—all high honours duly paid—
 And thus comforting her gently, kindly, tenderly he said :—
 “ Secret was our love and wedlock, seen by none, my Lady dear !
 Sternly thus did I deny thee to preserve thine honour clear ;
 These have heard the voice of Heaven, and my wedded Queen
 will own,

And our son shall be anointed Heir and Partner of my throne ;
 And in thy hot anger, Lady ! the harsh words that thou hast said,
 Shall, for the great love I bear thee, be no more rememberèd.”
 Thus the King, the great Dushyanta, spake unto his Lady fair ;
 Dainty food he bade them bring her, and a robe a Queen
 should wear.

Bharata he call’d his offspring, and anointed him to be
 Ruling Heir of all his kingdom with divided sovereignty ;
 The young Prince his realm extended by the strength of his
 right hand,
 Great and glorious was the ruler, happy and secure his land ;
 By his sword were mighty Monarchs forced his power to confess—
 Well he loved the path of Virtue, of fair Truth and Righteousness.
 O’er all lands the Prince extended his high fame and majesty,
 Offering a host of victims to the Gods unceasingly.

He perform'd the Aswamedha *—the best honour Prince can crave,
And a holy gift to Kanva gold in untold millions gave.
From this Bharata † the glories of the Bhárat lineage came,
As from him all those before him, and all after bear the name ;
A long line of noble Princes to the mighty King were given,
Famed for every royal virtue, glorious as the Gods in Heaven.

* “The actual or emblematic sacrifice of a horse. This sacrifice was one of the highest order, and, performed a hundred times, entitled the sacrificer to the dominion of *Swarga*, or Paradise ; it appears to have been originally typical ; the horse and other animals being simply bound during the performance of certain ceremonies ; the actual sacrifice is an introduction of a later period.”

† The *Mahábhárata*, or *Great Bharatëid*, derives its name from this Prince, the ancestor of the heroes whose contests form its main subject.

NALA.



THE following brief extract from the beautiful and interesting Episode of Nala and Damayanti—one of the most charming stories in the Mahábhárata—which has been so excellently translated by Dean Milman, is not selected here for any peculiar poetical merit it possesses ; but it is at least curious as affording an illustration of the extravagant height to which the love of play was sometimes carried by the ancient Indians ; a passion which raged as fiercely in the sun-bright cities of Hindustan, as in the gloomy forests of Germany, where, as we are told by Tacitus, when all else was lost, personal liberty was staked upon the hazard of a cast, and the loser, although he might be the younger and the stronger man, would voluntarily submit to slavery, and suffer himself to be bound and sold by his successful opponent.

The story is this—Nala, King of Nishada, had been publicly chosen by the lovely princess Damayanti for her husband, and had by his deserved good fortune incurred the envy and hatred of the vindictive demon Kali, who determined to effect his ruin ; he accordingly enters into the Prince, perverts his mind, and urges him to play at dice with his brother Pushkara.



LONG for gold and precious jewels, robes and chariots, they play'd,
 Nala still possess'd by Kali, still by Kali was betray'd ;
 Dear familiar friends besought him, gently blamed him in despair,
 Vain was every fond entreaty, vain was every tear and prayer.
 Lo ! to turn him from his madness all the citizens of name,
 And his honour'd men of Council, to the Monarch's palace came.
 Then 'twas told to Damayanti, Lady ! all the subjects wait
 On high business with King Nala—even now they are at the gate.
 Said the Lady to her husband, (all distraught with woe was she,)
 “ King ! thy councillors and subjects have a word to say to thee—
 Deign to see them, O, my Nala ! let them not beseech in vain ; ”
 Thus with many a tear of sorrow cried the Queen again, again.

But he made no answer to her ; vain were all her deep-drawn sighs,
 Vain the tear-floods from the fountains of the Lady's lovely eyes.
 Then the councillors and subjects, sad with woe and bitter shame,
 " 'Tis not He "—exclaim'd in sorrow, and went back the way they
 came.

Still play'd Pushkara and Nala—still the King by luck was cross'd ;
 Many a month the contest lasted—still the madden'd Nala lost.

* * * * * *

On they play'd with changeless fortune—ere the eager game
 was done,

Nala's Kingdom and his riches all by Pushkara were won ;
 Smiled he on the hapless Nala, of his wealth, his all, bereft,
 " Why does not the play continue ? Come, what treasure hast
 thou left ?

Damayanti still is left thee, still thy Queen remaineth free,
 Kingdom, gold, and precious jewels, all are forfeited to me ;
 Play we then for her, O Nala ! Damayanti be the stake."
 Nala's heart was rent with anguish, yet no word the Monarch spake,
 But he cast one glance upon him full of anguish and despair,
 Stripping off the decorations which the Prince was wont to wear.
 Scantly clad in one poor garment from his palace went the King,
 In one robe the Lady follow'd, 'mid the people's sorrowing.

The hapless Pair wander in the forest, where Nala, instigated by the demon Kali, deserts
 his wearied sleeping wife, and leaves her exposed to all the perils of the wood. Strong
 "in the pride of her purity," she journeys on triumphant over all the dangers that
 assail her, and at length finds a hospitable reception in the palace of the Queen of a
 distant City. Nala engages himself as Charioteer to a Prince, at whose Court, after his
 due share of adventures, he had arrived ; and after a length of time being restored to
 his faithful wife, freed from the power of Kali, and fortified with a preternatural amount
 of skill in gaming, he returns to his former Capital to win back his possessions from
 Pushkara.

Swiftly onwards sped the Monarch—swiftly in his wrath came he,
 Causing the Great Earth to tremble, for he drove so furiously.

“ Pushkara !” the Prince cried loudly, as he came within the door,
 “ Pushkara ! I’ve gain’d great riches—come, and let us play
 once more !

Damayanti, gold, and jewels—all I have—the stake I lay ;
 Be the Kingdom thy deposit—play we for our lives to-day.
 If thou win a Kingdom, riches, precious jewels, sums of gold,
 His revenge in play thou owest, is a law ordain’d of old :
 Fight we then in single combat, if to play thou dost refuse ;
 Game of war, or game of dicing—one or other must thou choose.
 Sages say, Win back thy Kingdom by all methods from thy foe :
 Thou hast my paternal City : throw the dice or bend the bow !”

Pushkara received him gladly, all his heart was fill’d with mirth,
 Victory he thought was certain. Spake he to the Lord of Earth :—
 “ Joy ! that thou hast wealth, O Nala ! ne’er the game do
 I decline,

Gladly thy revenge I give thee—Damayanti will be mine !
 Deck’d with all thy jewels, Nala ! shall she stand, my lovely prize,
 Like the Nymphs that wait in Heaven on the Ruler of the Skies.
 I have look’d for thee, my brother ! I have long’d to see this day ;
 Sweeter far with friends, dear Nala ! than with enemies to play.
 Joy will fill my soul within me when I’ve won thy lovely bride,
 Long has she possess’d my spirit—never shall she quit my side.”
 Angrily did Nala hear him ; scarce could he his wrath restrain,
 But he check’d his rising passion, or the babbler he had slain ;
 Thus to Pushkara he answer’d, forcing an unwilling smile,
 Fury raging in his spirit, flashing from his eye the while :—
 “ Come, the game ! the game ! delay not ; give this idle babbling o’er,
 Soon my victory will grieve thee ; thou wilt boast thee then
 no more.”

Then play’d Pushkara with Nala at the angry Prince’s call,
 And he lost his Kingdom, riches, jewels, gold, himself, and all.
 Loud laugh’d Nala in his triumph, thus to Pushkara he cried :—

“ Mine is now again my Kingdom—Damayanti still my bride ;
Ne’er on her, thou abject Monarch ! shall thy lordly eye be cast,
Henceforth thou shalt be her bondsman ; her’s art thou, and all
thou hast.

Yet (for well I know *thy* power did not triumph over me,
But ’twas Kali, though thou know not, gave to thee that victory,)
I will spare thee in my mercy—not on thee the wrath shall fall
That another stirr’d within me, freely I forgive thee all ;
Back thy forfeit life I give thee—spend it at thine own free will,
And thine own, thy just possessions,—take them and enjoy them still ;
Still my friendship shall be with thee, still my love for thee be strong,
Every joy I wish thee, brother !—Brother ! may thy life be long !”

THE LORD'S SONG.



THE Bhagavad-Gítá, or Lord's Song,* is an Episode of the Mahábhárata, and probably an interpolation of a somewhat later date; if so, it has certainly been most skilfully introduced into the main story. It has already been mentioned that the subject of that Poem is a war for regal supremacy between the sons of two brothers, Pándu and Dhritaráshtra; the hosts are drawn up upon the plain, and the conch-blasts sounding for the battle. Arjun, one of the rival Princes, is struck with horror at the sight, and shudders at the thought of shedding the blood of his kinsmen; upon this his friend Krishna, who is no less than the incarnate Deity himself, rebukes the recreant warrior for his weakness, and endeavours to remove his compunction by explaining to him the true nature of God and the Soul, and unfolding to his wondering hearer the beautiful Pantheism of the Bráhma Sages, and the divine philosophy of their Religion.



FULL in the centre of the embattled plain,
 At Arjun's bidding, Krishna drew the rein,
 And stay'd his horses and the glorious car,
 To gaze at leisure on the front of war.
 "O, mark," said Krishna, "trusting in their might,
 Great Kuru's Children eager for the fight;
 Mark well the leaders in their bright array,
 And thousands burning or to fall or slay!"
 He look'd; as foemen stood on either side,
 Kinsmen and friends by dearest ties allied;
 There fathers, sons, and holy Teachers stood,
 Uncles and brothers, near in love and blood;

* This word is here taken in a peculiar sense to imply the enunciation of abstruse and holy doctrines, as the Latins said "*canere oracula*."

Sad was the sight to Arjun ;—o'er his soul
Horror, and doubt, and mournful pity stole :—
“ Alas ! dear Krishna,” cried the sorrowing Chief,
“ How fails my spirit at this sight of grief !
Trembling and fear takes hold of every limb,
Parch'd is my mouth, my sickening sight is dim ;
Back to my heart the hasting torrents flow,
My hand, unnerved, lets fall the trusty bow ;
My brain whirls round ; with aching gaze I see
Sure, grievous omens of what soon must be ;
Ah ! we shall gain no blessing if we slay
Our friends, our kinsmen, in this hideous fray.
I seek not rule, nor victory in the strife,—
What shall we gain by empire ? what by life ?
For, ah ! those stand against us on the plain,
For whose dear sake alone I'd live or reign.
No, let them smite—they shall not feel my brand,
My kinsmen ne'er shall hate my murdering hand ;
Not the Three Worlds should tempt me to the sin,—
Yet earthly power is all the conquerors win.
O mighty Krishna ! Thou whom men adore !
Grief would be ours, and woe for evermore ;
Ne'er can our souls escape the fearful guilt,
When once these hands our kinsmen's blood have spilt—
Stain'd with their slaughter, felons though they be,
From fierce remorse we never should be free.
Though lust of power has led astray their mind,
And made their leaders to this horror blind,
Let us who boast a juster, clearer sight,
Abhor the sin, and shun the impious fight.
Sad is the fate when families decay,
Those Duties perish God ordain'd for aye ;

Unfelt, unheeded, holy Virtue fails,
 O'er the whole Caste impiety prevails,
 Faults follow faults—more grievous woes begin,
 For noble matrons foully stoop to sin ;
 Thence in disorder Castes are darkly mix'd,
 Spurn'd are the bounds that God himself has fix'd ;
 Such lawless sinners here in woe shall dwell,
 And drag their Fathers with them down to Hell.

Woe for our sins ! and shall we dare to slay
 Our friends, our kinsmen, through the lust of sway ?
 No, let them come—charge in their fierce career,
 And slay me armless, unresisting here ;
 For thus to die for me is better far
 Than live to slay my kindred in the war."

He spake ; and, as his fingers dropp'd the bow,
 Fell fainting in an agony of woe.
 "Oh, whence"—said Krishna, as the Hero lay,
 His troubled senses well-nigh fled away—
 "Whence hath this cloud of error, dark as night,
 Come o'er thy soul, and quench'd thy spirit's light ?
 Nay, cast it from thee, 'tis the Hero's shame,
 His bar to Heaven, the ruin of his fame ;
 Scourge of thy Foemen ! spurn the fear that lies
 On thy sad spirit, and awake ! arise !"
 "How can I lift," said he, "my slaughtering hand,
 To stain in Teachers' holy blood my brand ?
 No, let me beg my bread from day to day,
 But not my friends, my more than fathers, slay.
 Horror and doubt distract my soul within—
 Doubt of my duty, horror of the sin ;
 O tell me, Krishna ! for to thee I fly,
 Thine own Disciple, mighty Friend ! am I—

Tell me my duty, for no way I see
 To ease my anguish, save advice from Thee ;
 For should I gain on earth undoubted sway—
 E'en should the Powers of Heaven my rule obey—
 Yet bitter anguish still would banish rest,
 Thou, only Thou, canst calm my troubled breast."

THE DEITY.

"Yea, there is wisdom in thy words, O Chief!
 But thou hast wept for those who claim no grief ;
 Mourn not for them, O Arjun ! for the Wise
 Grieve for none living, weep for none that dies ;
 Nor thou, nor yonder Princes ere were not,
 For ever have they been, though changed their lot ;
 So shall their being through all time extend,
 Without beginning, and without an end.
 The vital Spirit in this mortal clay
 Lives on through Youth, from Childhood, to Decay ;
 And then new forms the fleeting souls receive—
 Why for these changes should the Hero grieve ?

Know that What Is can never cease to Be,
 What Is Not can Be never—they who see
 The mystic Truth, the Wise, alone can tell
 The nature of the things they study well.
 And be thou sure the mighty boundless Soul,
 The Eternal Essence, that pervades this Whole,
 Can never perish—never waste away,
 The Indestructible knows not decay.
 Frail though its shrine, undimm'd It lasts for ever,
 The bodies perish—That can perish never ;
 Up then ! and conquer ! in thy might arise !
 Fear not to slay It, for It never dies.

For whoso thinks the Spirit e'er is slain,
 Or that It slays, the thoughts alike are vain ;
 Ancient of Days, It has no birth, no death,
 And comes not, flees not with the passing breath,
 But birthless, changeless, endless is for aye,
 And dies not when the body dies away.
 As men throw off their garments worn and old,
 And newer raiment round their bodies fold,
 The ethereal spirit leaves its mortal shell,
 And finds another form wherein to dwell.
 Essence of Life—It lives, undimm'd its ray,
 Though fiercest fire, or keen dart seek to slay ;
 To quench that Light too weak the raging main,
 And mighty tempests spend their wrath in vain.
 Viewless, immutable, unshaken, still,
 It rests secure, yet wanders where It will ;
 Incomprehensible, It knows not change,
 Boundless in being, limitless in range.
 This is the Nature of the Soul, great Chief !
 It lives for ever, therefore spare thy grief ;
 Yet even if thou think It often born,
 Often to die,—e'en then thou shouldst not mourn ;
 'Tis fated thus, and all lament is vain,
 All that is born must die—that dies, be born again.

* * * * *

Moreover, Prince, thine Order's Duty know—
 To fight unmoved, nor tremble at the foe ;
 Oh ! what should give the Warrior more delight
 Than to do bravely, battling for the right !
 Happy, oh ! happy those whom Fate has given
 The Soldier's death—the open door to Heaven !
 Fight, Arjun ! fight ! or ruin thy fair fame,

Desert thy Duty, gain a coward's name ;
 Men ne'er shall cease to tell of thy disgrace—
 A hero's stain no time can e'er efface.
 The noble Chiefs who drive the lofty car,
 Will spurn thee as a runaway from war ;
 Thy foes will heap foul scorn upon thy head,
 Thy friends will sorrow for thine honour fled.
 Up ! and do bravely, Prince of royal line ;
 Dying—high Heaven and all its joys are thine,
 Conquering—wide sway on earth awaiteth thee ;
 Up ! and do bravely ! make thy foemen flee !”

* * * * *

“ How few, O Arjun ! with their heart and might
 Seek after Wisdom, to know God aright ?
 But fewer still that noblest wish attain,
 And perfect knowledge of the Godhead gain.
 These eight, O Prince ! My mighty Essence share,—
 The Earth, the Water, Fire, Æther, Air,
 Mind, Understanding, and Self-consciousness,*—
 Of My two Natures thou hast heard the Less.
 But now again prepare thy listening ear,
 My higher Nature, nobler still, to hear ;
 Life of all Life, Prop of this earthly frame,
 Whither all creatures go, from whence they came.
 I am the Best ; from Me all beings spring,
 And rest on me, like pearls upon their string ;
 I am the Moisture in the moving stream,
 In Sun and Moon the bright essential Beam ;

* The sense of Self ; the *Cogito, ergo Sum*—*Moi, je suis*—*Ich bin ich*, of European Philosophers.

The Mystic Word * in Scripture's holy page,
 In men the Vigour of their manly age ;
 Sound in the Air—Earth's fragrant Scent am I—
 Life of all living—Good men's Piety—
 Seed of all Being—Brightness in the Flame ;
 In the Wise, Wisdom ; in the Famous, Fame."

* * * *

" I am the Father, and the fostering Nurse,
 Grandsire, and Mother of the Universe ;
 I am the Vedas, and the Mystic Word,
 The Way, Support, the Witness, and the Lord ;
 The Seed am I, of deathless quickening power,
 The Home of all, and mighty Refuge-tower ;
 I warm the World, I give the freshening rain,
 Now send the showers, and now the showers restrain ;
 Whatever Is, and what Is Not, am I ;
 Death, and the Drink of Immortality.
 They who with pious care have studied o'er,
 And made their own the triple Vedas' lore,
 Whose Fires have duly glow'd, whose lips have quaff'd
 The holy Soma's purifying draught,†
 Pray unto Me, nor are their prayers in vain,
 For due reward and heavenly bliss they gain ;
 They hie to Indra's holy sphere, and share
 The joy of Gods, and all the glories there ;
 But time at length exhausts their store of worth,
 And brings them down, unparadised, to earth ;‡

* "The sacred syllable OM," the mystic name of the Deity, prefacing all the prayers, and most of the writings of the Hindús ; it implies Brahmá, Vishnu, and Siva, the *Indian triad*, and expresses the *three in one*."

† The juice of the Soma, or *Moon-plant*, much used in sacrifices, &c.

‡ "Besides this ultimate felicity, (absorption into the divine Essence,) the Hindús have

Thus Holy Writ they make their only stay,
 And gain their longing—bliss, but for a day.
 But those a nobler, higher blessing find,
 Who worship me with all their heart and mind ;
 Me, only Me their rapt devotion knows,
 With Me alone their trancèd spirit glows.

When error leads a worshipper astray
 To other Gods to sacrifice and pray,
 Faith makes his gift accepted in my sight—
 'Tis offer'd still to Me, though not aright.
 Faith makes the humblest offering dear to Me,
 Leaves, fruit, sweet water, flowers from the tree ;
 His pious will in gracious part I take,
 And love the gift for his devotion's sake.

Do all thine acts to Me through all thy days,
 Thy food, thy gifts, thy sacrifice, thy praise ;
 Then will the bonds of actions done by thee,
 Worthy or evil, leave thy spirit free ;
 And thy pure soul, renouncing earthly care,
 Will come, unshackled, and My Essence share ;
 Though equal looks on all things I bestow,†
 Nor enmity, nor partial fondness know,
 Yet happy they who love Me faithfully,
 I dwell within them ever—they in Me."

several minor degrees of happiness ; amongst which is the enjoyment of Indra's Swarga, or in fact of a Muhammadan paradise. The degree and duration of the pleasures of this paradise are proportional to the merits of those admitted to it ; and 'they who have enjoyed this lofty region of Swarga, but whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals.'"—WILSON.

†

" Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."—*Essay on Man*.

✓
*Kalidāsa**The Cloud Messenger. MS. 69-90*

THE Megha Dūta, or Cloud Messenger, as has already been stated, was composed by the celebrated Kālidāsa, who was one of the "Nine Gems" of Vikramāditya's Court, in the half century preceding the Christian Era. The following sketch is taken from Professor Wilson's Preface to his edition of the work:—"The subject of the poem is simple and ingenious. A Yaksha, a divinity of an inferior order, an attendant upon the God of Riches, Kuvera, and one of a class which, as it appears from the poem, is characterised by a benevolent spirit, a gentle temper, and an affectionate disposition, has incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, and has been condemned by him to a twelvemonth's exile from his home. In the solitary but sacred forest in which he spends the period of his banishment, the Yaksha's most urgent care is to find an opportunity of conveying intelligence and consolation to his wife; and in the wildness of his grief he fancies that he discovers a friendly messenger in a cloud—one of those noble masses which seem almost instinct with life, as they traverse a tropical sky in the commencement of the Monsoon, and move with slow and solemn progression from the equatorial ocean to the snows of the Himālaya. In the spirit of this bold but not unnatural personification, the Yaksha addresses the Cloud, and entrusts to it the message he yearns to despatch to the absent object of his attachment. He describes the direction in which the Cloud is to travel—one marked out for it, indeed, by the eternal laws of nature; and takes this opportunity of alluding to the most important scenes of Hindu mythology and tradition; not with the dulness of prosaic detail, but with that true poetic pencil which, by a few happy touches, brings the subject of the description vividly before the mind's eye. Arrived at the end of the journey, the condition of his beloved wife is the theme of the exile's anticipations, and is dwelt upon with equal delicacy and truth; and the poem terminates with the message that is intended to assuage her grief and animate her hopes." It is from the latter portion of the poem that the following extract is taken.

SPEED on, swift herald! thou wilt see my home
 North of my lord Kuvera's stately dome;
 Far flashes forth the jewell'd archway's glow
 With hues of glory like the Heavenly Bow;

Thou'lt see the pleasant garden of my fair,
 And tall Mandára gently bending there
 To touch its Lady's hand—no child might be
 More kindly nurtured than that favourite tree.

There girt with emerald steps a bright pool gleams,
 And golden Lotus buds adorn its streams ;
 Its Swans shall hail thy coming with delight,
 And love its cool waves better for the sight—
 Then linger gladly, nor remember more
 The mountain lake that seem'd so dear before.

Deck'd with smooth sapphires, rising from the fount,
 Sacred to rest and pleasure, stands a mount ;
 A grove of plantains belts it round with gold,
 Dear spot ! belovéd by my bride of old !
 Fresh o'er my memory comes that glorious scene,
 As now, dark Cloud ! I view thy lightnings' sheen.

Sweet clustering trailers, and each fairest flower,
 Give scent, give beauty to my Lady's bower ;
 The bright Asoka and the Kesara vie
 For her caresses as my love walks by :
That asks the pressure of her foot, and this,
 Like me, aspiring, seeks her cheek to kiss.*
 There on a pedestal of crystal placed,
 With richest gems, like budding cane-shoots, graced,
 A golden column stands ; and gleaming there
 The blue-neck'd Peacock drinks the evening air,

* "These allusions refer to some particular notions of the Hindús respecting the Kesara and the Asoka, which plants are said to blossom upon being touched respectively by the face or foot of a female: the story is, probably, originally poetical."—WILSON.

Milton says of Eve's fruit and flowers,—

"They at her coming spring,
 And touched by her fair tendance gladlier grew."

Looks on my love, and dances to the tone
Of the sweet chimings of her tinkling zone.

Know by these tokens I recount to thee,
The once bright dwelling of my bride and me ;
For, ah ! its charms have faded since the day
Its lord was torn from all he loved away ;
Thus the fair Lotus glories in the Sun,
And fades in sorrow when his course is run.

Gently descending on that hillock fall,
Not in full glory, lest thy size appal
My fearful Lady ; let thy lightning shine
Like sportive fireflies in a flashing line.
There in the house my darling stands—O see !
The great Creator's fairest work is she ;
Like pearls her teeth, her lips like Bimbas* glow,
Eyed is my darling like the startled roe.
Silent thou seest her, mourning for her mate,
Weeping at early dawn, at evening late ;
Sure the sad Lady's spirit dwelt of old
In some frail Lotus shrunk by rain and cold.

See ! on her hand her faded cheek reclines ;
All dim with tears, her eye no longer shines ;
Long hanging tresses veil her drooping head,
And the bright vermeil of her lip is fled ;
Like the fair Moon, pale, feeble, sad is she,
When its bright beams are hid, dark Cloud ! by thee.

Now as the sight of thee renews her woe,
With vow and sacrifice she bends her low,
Sadly she weeps—she sees my image rise,
Wasted with grief, before her longing eyes ;

* The Bimba bears a red fruit, to which the lip is commonly compared.

Then to her darling Sárriká * she says :—

“Rememberest thou, dear bird ! thine early days ?
And is thy mate, with whom thou wanderedst free
O'er field, through forest, still beloved by thee ?”

Again, she strings the lute with careless grace,
And strives to sing the glories of my race ;
But from the measured strain her thoughts will fly,
And breathe their grief in some wild melody.

Or she will gaze upon the threshold, where
Fresh garlands monthly show her pious care,†
Count and recount them fading at her feet,
And tell the hours till we again shall meet.

In cares like these her woe finds some relief,
But ah ! the night brings longer, bitterer grief ;
Oh ! stay till then, and whispering softly near,
Breathe thy sweet message in her sleepless ear ;
Speak in her woe thy tidings of delight,
And cheer my darling in the loathèd night !

Then on her widow'd couch she sadly lies
Weeping and watching still with deep-drawn sighs,
Spending those long, long hours most wearily,
That flew like moments once when pass'd with me.
Often she casts with careless hand aside
The rough uneven braid,‡ in sorrow tied,
Which on my day of banishment she bound,
And threw her fragrant flower-wreath on the ground ;

* A small pet bird, (the *Grakula religiosa*.)

† “The Hindús pay a species of adoration to many inanimate objects. Amongst others, the door-way, or door-post, receives such homage as is rendered by hanging up a flower or a garland there once a month.”—WILSON.

‡ “The Veni is a braid into which the long hair of the Hindustani women is collected, when they have lost their husbands. The dancing-girls also wear their hair in this manner.”—WILSON.

My hand alone shall loose that mourning braid,
And spread around her brows the beauteous shade.

Her brilliant eyes that in those happier days
Gladly would meet the Moon's soft-streaming rays,
Beneath their lashes long and dark as night,
Heavy with weeping hide them from the light ;
Whilst like the Lotus when dark clouds arise,
Listless and drooping on the couch she lies.
Her slender form no fragrant flowers bedeck—
No flashing jewels clasp her graceful neck—
Sure at the sight thy sorrowing tear will flow,
For gentle minds soft Pity's influence know.

Nor think, dear Cloud ! a lover's vain belief
Has drawn this picture of her faithful grief ;
Soon wilt thou plainly for thyself behold
The truth of all that I have sadly told.
By many a throb her upward glancing eye
Shall feel thy coming ere thou yet art nigh,
And 'neath long tresses tremble, as it beams,
Like wind-swept lilies in the dancing streams.

But should my love her weary eyelids close,
Let not thy thunders break her sweet repose,
Nor sudden bid her wreathing arms untwine,
Lest in her dreams they should be clasping mine ;
Wait till the jasmine scents the morning air
To waft thee to the lattice of my fair—
Then with the fragrant breeze unclothe her eyes,
Cool with the gentlest rain-drops of the skies ;
Around her head let harmless lightnings play,
And with strange glory flash her cares away :
Then with deep-sounding words the Dame address,
And thus the message of my love express :—

“ O lonely mourner ! from thy lord I come,
 And bear fond greetings to his distant home ;
 ’Tis mine the exile’s weary steps to guide,
 And speed him homeward to his weeping bride,
 And with my thunderings urge him to unbind
 The braid of sorrow for his absence twined.”

As on the Son of Air fair Sítá’s eyes
 Weeping for Ráma, fell in glad surprise,*
 So will she look on thee—her faithful heart
 Will ever bless thee for thy friendly part ;
 Scarce less than union to the longing breast
 To hear glad news of One it loves the best. †

O gentle Cloud ! long be thy days of bliss !
 Speak softly to her—be thy message this :—
 “ Lady ! thy dear One in great Ráma’s Grove
 Mourns the sad fate that parts him from his love ;
 Asks—doth thy strength with lonely weeping fail,
 Is thine eye dim, and doth thy cheek grow pale ?
 Far, far away by hostile fate’s decree,
 In fondest fancy he is still with thee ;
 Wasted with woe, to him thy form appears,
 An image of his own, all worn with tears ;
 In sympathy with his thy longing soul,
 And bursting tears that neither can control ;
 Far from thy sight, and from thy willing ear,
 He trusts to me alone thy breast to cheer ;
 Yet oh ! what bliss, might he but touch thy cheek,
 And in thine ear himself his message speak !—

* The allusion refers to the discovery of Sítá by Ráma’s envoy Hanuman, said to be the Son of the Wind, after she had been carried away from her husband by the demon Rávana.

† Coleridge’s “ Remorse ” :—

“ The frequent tidings, the ne’er failing letter,
 Almost endear’d his absence.”

‘ I see thy graceful form in every flower
That freshest, fairest, twines around my bower ;
When from my path the startled roe-deer fly,
In their soft glance I see thy gentle eye ;
The Peacock’s brilliant plumes to me recall
Thy long dark tresses glittering as they fall ;
The small brook wavelets arching in their flow,
Seem but the shadow of thy slender brow ;
And when the Moon illumines my weary night,
Thy pure, pale cheek is ever in my sight.
In each fair thing an emblem faint I see
Of beauty centering alone in thee !

I paint thee on the rock with mineral hues,
But my dim eyes their wonted aid refuse ;
There Fate relentless still extends the veil,
And blind with tears my longing glances fail.

The Wood-Sylphs weeping for my ceaseless woe
Pour their sad tear-drops on the boughs below,
As oft outspread my eager arms they see
Clasping the soft air in a dream of thee.

The breeze that from the Snowy Mountain springs,
Bursting the pine-buds with its balmy wings,
Loaded with fragrance from their oozing gums
A welcome herald from my darling comes :
Gladly I hail it as it wanders south,
For it perchance hath kiss’d thy rosy mouth,
Hath gently fann’d thy burning brow to rest,
And stolen more heavenly odour from thy breast.

Yet let us not, my love, in grief extreme
For ever thus on ceaseless misery dream ;
Forbear too oft upon thy woes to think,
Or in the strife thy gentle soul will sink :

Nor grief nor happiness is all unmix'd,
 But ever changing, nought in life is fix'd ;
 And as a circling wheel uncertain still,
 Now high, now low, Man must his fate fulfil.

But when at length four weary months have fled,
 And Vishnu rises from his Serpent bed,*
 Then ends my banishment, and once more free
 Thy lover hastens to his home and thee ;
 Then Autumn Moons, with clearer, purer light,
 Shall shed sweet influence on the blissful night,
 And joy—full joy—through our rapt souls shall thrill,
 Joy, for long absence dearer, lovelier still.

Once more I see thee, but not now alone ;
 In sleeping love thine arms are round me thrown ;
 Thou startest weeping, and I ask thee why
 Thy sleep is troubled when thy lord is nigh ;
 “ Traitor ! ” thy answer, with a smile and tear,
 “ Faithless I saw thee in my dream appear,
 Whispering thy love tale in another's ear.”

But, dark-eyed beauty ! be thou ever sure
 That firm through absence will my faith endure,
 Nor be distrustful of my truth to thee,
 Though evil tongues should whisper ill of me.’

And wilt thou, Cloud ! my loving message bear ?
 Silent art thou, yet not in vain my prayer ;
 For when the thirsty Chátakas† of thee
 Crave the cool rain to fall refreshingly,

* “ The Serpent couch is the great snake Ananta, upon which Vishnu reclines during four months. * * * * The sleep of Vishnu during the four months of the periodical rains in Hindustan, seems to bear an emblematical relation to that season. It has been compared to the Egyptian Hieroglyphical account of the sleep of Horns, typical of the annual overflow of the Nile.”—WILSON.

† The Chátaka is a bird supposed to drink nothing but rain-water.

Thou dost not answer, but the sudden shower
Gives to their drooping wings returning power ;
'Tis ever thus—the best reply is still
The wishes of our loved ones to fulfil.

Thus, friendly herald ! having soothed my fair,
Speed back in mercy through the fields of air,
And bid the mourner's fainting heart rejoice
With the dear echoes of his Lady's voice.

Then shall my thanks thy pitying love repay,
And grateful blessings smooth thy homeward way—
Hie to the regions where thou fain wouldst be,
There rest in pleasure, or there wander free !
May the soft rain ne'er fail thee, and thy bride,
The brilliant lightning, never quit thy side !”

The God of Wealth the loving message heard,
And in his heart returning pity stirr'd ;
His ear in mercy to the tale he bent,
And call'd the mourner from his banishment ;
Then freely bade him, all his sorrows o'er,
Live with his bride and love for evermore.

Sakontalá, a Drama.

UPON the Story of Sakontalá as related in the Mahábhárata, Kálidása has founded a beautiful drama, which has gained European celebrity by the prose translation of Sir William Jones—"the delightful Sakontalá," (to quote the words of A. W. Von Schlegel in his Dramatic Literature,) "which, notwithstanding the foreign colouring of its native climate, bears in its general structure such a striking resemblance to our own romantic drama, that we might be inclined to suspect we owe this resemblance to the predilection for Shakspeare entertained by the English translator, if his fidelity were not attested by other learned Orientalists." It is interesting to compare the following extract from the third Act,* with the Garden Scene in Romeo and Juliet.

SCENE—*The Hermitage in a Grove.*

KING DUSHYANTA *enters, expressing the distraction of a lover.*

KING.

AH me ! I know the maiden's duteous thoughts
 Are all obedient to the Sage's will,
 All given to him. I cannot, if I would,
 I cannot tear my heart away. O Love !
 God of the flowery arrows ! foolish those
 Who call'd thee thus ; they never felt thy wounds !
 And senseless they who say the fair Moon's cold.

* Our version is made from the text of Dr. Otto Boehtlingk, Bonn, 1846. The Bengal MS. followed by Sir William Jones, appears to contain numerous interpolations.

Alas! we lovers feel too well thy darts
Are diamond-pointed, and the treacherous Moon
Sheds fire upòn us from those dewy beams.

My heart is sick with love. Oh! for a sight
Of my beloved! I will seek my darling,
For in her bower upon the river bank,
She flies the fierce heat of these noontide hours.
How lovely is this spot! here shall the breeze,
Its soft wings freshen'd by the shady stream,
Cool with its perfumed kiss my burning temples!
She must be near—perhaps in that thick bower
My love reposes—yes, I see her footsteps
That scarcely mark the sand, I feel her presence!
Oh! there's the lady of my love, and with her
Her two dear friends. I'll hide behind these creepers,
And with mine ear drink in their artless prattle.

[He stands concealed, and gazes.]

SAKONTALÁ, and her two damsels, PRIYAMVADÁ and ANUSÚYÁ,
discovered.

BOTH (*fanning her*).

Does this refresh you, dear Sakontalá?
Do you feel easier when we fan you, love!
With these broad Lotus leaves?

SAKONTALÁ.

Why *will* you fan me?

Now rest, dear girls, I pray.

KING (*aside*).

Ah! she looks flush'd,
What means her sudden fever? Does the wish
Of my fond heart suggest the truth? Cool herbs
Lie on her heaving bosom—her one bracelet,

A water-lily stalk tied loosely on—
Still lovely—O most lovely is the maid !

PRIYAMVADÁ (*aside to Anusúyá*).

Dear Anusúyá, did you not observe,
How, at the first sight of the youthful monarch,
Sakontalá's fond heart was stolen from her ?
This brings her fever, I suspect.

ANUSÚYÁ (*aside to Priyamvadá*).

I'll ask her.

(*Aloud.*) This burning fever, dear Sakontalá—

SAKONTALÁ.

What would you say ?

ANUSÚYÁ.

Why, you appear to us
Like some enamour'd maid that we have heard of
In tales of love—do let us know the cause ;
How can we minister to one diseased
Before we know the malady ?

SAKONTALÁ.

My pain

Is hard to bear ; but yet, indeed—indeed
I cannot, dare not tell my friends the cause.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Yet listen to her, for she counsels well ;
Day after day beneath this scorching fever
You grow more thin, more pale, although your beauty
Has not yet left you, dearest !

KING (*aside*).

True, most true !

Wan is her cheek—her shape has lost its fulness,
Her shoulders droop for languor—those large eyes
Shine with less brightness. Oh ! how like is she

To some fair creeper when the sultry gale
Has dried up its young leaves—yet lovely still,
Most lovely is she, as my heart can tell.

SAKONTALÁ.

What can I say? Why make *you* sorrow also?

BOTH.

Oh! share your grief with us—the sympathy
Of faithful friends will make your sorrows lighter.

SAKONTALÁ.

From the first moment that I saw the Prince
I have loved him—oh! so deeply!

KING (*aside*).

Joy for ever!

Sweet words of healing! Love, that burnt my soul,
Now brings me peace again; as when the noon
Has cool'd with gathering clouds the morning heat.

SAKONTALÁ.

Do help me, dearest girls!

PRIYAMVADÁ.

I have *such* a plan!

Come, Anusúyá, we will write a letter
And hide it in a flower, which as an offering
Of humble duty, I myself will give
Into the Prince's hand.

ANUSÚYÁ.

That's excellent!

That's charming! what says dear Sakontalá?

SAKONTALÁ.

Stay, let me think—

PRIYAMVADÁ.

And think too of a verse

Fitly to tell your love.

SAKONTALÁ.

Yes, presently,
But my heart beats for fear of a cold answer.

KING (*aside*).

From one that burns for thee, thou timid maiden ?

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANUSÚYÁ.

Oh no ! you think too lowly of yourself ;
Who in his senses would not welcome gladly
The pure cool moonlight of an autumn heaven ?

SAKONTALÁ.

Well, now I am thinking.

KING (*aside*).

Thus then will I fix
My fond eyes on my darling : her dear brow
Is arch'd in meditation, and her cheek
Rests on her hand—all speaks her love for me.

SAKONTALÁ.

The verse I have, but nothing here to write with.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Oh, mark it with your nail upon the leaf
Of this broad Lotus—'tis as green and soft
As a young parrot's breast. Do let us hear it !

SAKONTALÁ.

“ I read not *thy* heart, but my bosom can tell

Thou hast ravish'd my thoughts and my senses away,
And oh ! I am warn'd that I love thee too well,

By the flames that consume me by night and by day.”

KING (*hastily advancing*).

“ *Thou* knowest, dear maid ! but Love's tenderest power,
But in me does he rage with his terrible might ;
Day stifles the scent of the night-loving flower ;
But kills the pale Moon with his conquering light.”

ANUSÚYÁ.

Welcome, great King ! my friend's imagination
Has fruited soon.

[Sakontalá expresses an inclination to rise.]

KING.

Nay, move not, gentle Lady !
Still rest upon that bed of pleasant flowers ;
You seem oppress'd by this hot summer sun.

ANUSÚYÁ.

Then let my lord sit also on the couch
On which our dear Sakontalá reposes.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

See, Anusúyá ! our poor little fawn
Is looking for its mother.—Let us go
And lead it to her.

SAKONTALÁ.

Oh ! come back, dear girls !
You should not leave me here alone.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANUSÚYÁ.

Alone !

When the Defender of the World is near you !

[Exeunt Priyamvadá and Anusúyá.]

In the next Act, some time after their marriage, Sakontalá leaves her foster-father Kanva's Hermitage, for the palace of her husband Dushyanta.

KANVA.

Nymphs of the trees that shade this holy dell,
Now bid your dear Sakontalá farewell !
This day she goes, adoring and adored,
To deck the palace of her wedded lord ;
Farewell to her that loved your clustering bowers,
And gently tended all your opening flowers ;

Who in her love would ever wait to see
 The cool stream pour'd around each favourite tree,
 Nor drink before her darlings ; she would ne'er
 Pluck your green tendrils for her waving hair--
 Her proudest joy to see her nurslings blow
 In the full beauty of their summer glow.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE WOOD-NYMPHS.

Love smooth the path our fair Lady shall tread,
 Sweet flowers 'neath her feet, and dark boughs overhead !
 The breeze shall pour round her the heavenly perfume
 That it steals from the woods where the Lotuses bloom,
 And fan her bright tresses, deliciously cool,
 With the sweet pearly dew of the lily-clad pool !

SAKONTALÁ.

This happy day, Priyamvadá ! will see
 Once more united my dear lord and me ;
 Yet my heart sinks at leaving these sweet bowers,
 The sacred haunts of childhood's blissful hours.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

They share thy sorrow, dearest ! look around,
 How the trees weep their pale leaves to the ground
 In lamentation for thee ; the sad roe
 Forbears to crop the pleasant grass for woe,
 And mourning peahens are no longer seen
 To dance in joyous circles on the green.

SAKONTALÁ.

My darling creeper, take my last embrace,
 And twine thy fond arms o'er my weeping face ;
 Still though I leave my father's home and thee,
 Dear to my memory, sweet one, shalt thou be ;

And now, my friends, this last memorial take,
And tend my creeper for its mistress' sake.

PRIYAMVADÁ.

Sakontalá ! who now will care for us ?

KANVA.

Your tears are idle, Lady ! weep not thus ;
Nay, you should act a wiser, better part,
And strive to cheer Sakontalá's sad heart.

SAKONTALÁ.

Father ! when she has young—my dear gazelle
Send a kind message that my pet is well.
What is it clings so closely to my dress ?

KANVA.

Your darling little fawn—your tenderness
Would oft with healing oil its mouth anoint
When prick'd too roughly by the sharp grass point—
A mother's love your gentle care supplied,
And now your nursling will not quit your side.

SAKONTALÁ.

Go back, my darling ! here thou still mayst roam,
But I must leave our well-belov'd home ;
As I supplied a mother's place to thee,
Thou to my father shalt a daughter be ; *
Go back, poor thing ! go back.

* 2 Sam. xii. 2.—“ One little ewe lamb, which * * * lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.”

Summer.

THE following piece is taken from a little descriptive poem called *Ritu-sanhára*, or the Seasons; we know nothing of its literary history, but general tradition seems to have assigned it to Kálidása, and it would be difficult to disprove the assertion from the internal evidence offered by the poem. Sir William Jones has spoken in rapturous terms of the beautiful and natural sketches with which it abounds—many portions of it will certainly command admiration, and it is much to be regretted that it is impossible to translate the whole.

SUMMER-time is come, my love!
And the fair Moon from above
Pours down brighter purer beams
On the sweetly flowing streams,
Where merry bathers chase away
The heat and languor of the day.

Summer-houses balmy cool
Freshen'd by the wavy pool,
And the Sandal's precious scent,
Fill the soul with ravishment;
Evenings now are pleasantest,
Girls are kind, and lovers blest.

Cool is now the chamber-floor,
With new perfumes scatter'd o'er;

And 'tis sweet the wine to sip
Trembling from the charmer's lip,
Whilst waking love, melodious song
Wings the midnight hours along.

Robed in muslin, loveliest girls,
Their full bosoms deck'd with pearls,
Streaming odours from their hair,
Yield them to their lovers' prayer.

Mark ! their feet with vermeil glow !
Hark ! they tinkle as they go !
And their anklets' melody
Chimeth out harmoniously,
Ravishing their lovers' mind,
Like swan-music on the wind.

Oh ! how beautiful are they !
Often does the Moon's bright ray,
Gazing on the perfect grace
Of each sweetly slumbering face,
When the break of day is nigh,
Wax all pale for jealousy.

Now the burning Summer Sun
Hath unchallenged empire won,
And the scorching winds blow free,
Blighting every herb and tree.
Should the longing exile try,
Watching with a lover's eye,
Well remember'd scenes to trace—
Vainly would he scan the place,
For the dust with shrouding veil
Wraps it in a mantle pale.

Lo ! the Lion—forest King—
Through the wood is wandering ;

By the maddening thirst oppress,
Ceaseless heaves his panting chest;
Though the Elephant pass by,
Scarcely turns his languid eye—
Bleeding mouth and failing limb,
What is now his prey to him?

And the Elephants no more
Dread the angry Lion's roar;
Ever wandering to and fro,
Crushing through the woods they go,
Vainly seeking as they pass
For some dew-drop in the grass.

Winding slow his sinuous track
On the pathway hard and black,
Scorch'd and faint the serpent crawls
Where the Peacocks' shadow falls,
If perchance his scath'd crest
In that welcome shade may rest.

Lo! their ancient enemy!
Helpless there they see him die;
Fierce as sacrificial pile
Glows the Sun's red heat the while,
And the gorgeous Peacock's eye
Closes in his agony.

Driven from their parch'd home,
Frogs in countless armies come,
And, their fears by heat allay'd,
Couch them in the Serpent's shade.

Heeding not the trembling throng,
Darting out his flickering tongue,
Lifteth he his head on high
If some breeze may wander by,

For the Sun's refulgent beam
Slays him with his scorching gleam.

Where the sparkling lake before
Fill'd its bed from shore to shore,
Roots and twisting fibres wind,
Dying fish in nets to bind ;
There the Cranes in anguish seek
Water with the thirsty beak,
Fainting 'neath the burning ray
That drinks their very lives away.

Elephants all mad with thirst,
From the woods in fury burst ;
From their mountain-caverns, see !
Buffaloes rush furiously—
With hanging tongue and foam-fleck'd hide
Tossing high their nostrils wide,
Eager still their sides to cool
In the thick and shrunken pool ;
Heedless, if they may but gain
Short relief, but all in vain !

The wood is on fire ! and flashing on high,
The red flames leap swiftly from earth to sky.
'Tis a sight of fear—how they burn up the grass,
And scorch in their fury the leaves as they pass !
In their triumphing progress they meet no stream,
For the fountains are dried by the fierce sun-beam.

Birds pant on the boughs where no verdure waves,
And the Monkeys have fled to the mountain-caves.
Hark ! 'tis the rush of the Buffaloes' feet,
As they thunder away from the fervent heat,
Madden'd they wander here and there,
Seeking for water everywhere.

Far and near through the meadows around
The conquering flames have scorch'd the ground ;
Redder the blaze of the burning by far
Than brightest Vermilion or Safflowers are ;
The victor rides on with the wings of the wind,
And leaves a desolate waste behind ;
The trees and the creepers around, below,
Sink in the clip of their furious foe.

How the caves of the mountain re-echo his roar !
How crackle the reeds as he passes o'er !
He flies through the grass with a voice of fear,
And drives from the forest the terrified deer.
Madden'd by fright, and by thirst, and by heat,
As friends forgetting their enmity, meet
United by woes, the wild-wood foes,
Elephants, Lions, and Buffaloes,
And away to the river—away they fly,
Where sheltering islands, for refuge, lie.

Pleasantly, love ! may thy Summer-time flee !
For thee shall the Lotus perfume the cool stream ;
All flowers that are fairest shall blossom for thee,
And the Moon through thy lattice most brightly shall gleam ;
While singing and music shall lull thee to rest,
And those shall be near thee thou lovest the best.

The Nalôdaya.

THE Nalôdaya, or History of King Nala, is a poem of a later date, founded upon the story of that Monarch contained in the Mahâbhârata, to which allusion has been made in these pages, and a brief extract from it offered to the reader. This poem also has been ascribed to Kâlidâsa, but it is at least difficult to believe that the author of Sakontalâ and the Cloud Messenger should have composed such a work—a laborious jingling of words—a series of puns upon a pathetic subject! It is remarkable, however, for showing the extraordinary powers of the Sanskrit language, and it is impossible not to wonder at the ingenuity of the workman, however misdirected we may think it.

The following extract gives an account of Damayanti's choosing herself a husband from the assembled suitors; and it has been selected rather with the view of introducing the general reader to that extraordinary ceremony, than with the hope of giving an adequate idea of the execution of the poem.

DAMAYANTI'S CHOICE.

WITH all pomp and preparation far and wide through all the nation
 Sent the mighty Lord of Earth,
 Duly proclamation made he,—Damayanti, noble Lady,
 Fair of form, of royal birth,
 Holds her Choice, and gives her hand
 To the best of all the land.

Then with chariots and horses, and the leaders of their forces,
Princes flock'd from every side—
For her charms their breasts were firing, fondly, eagerly, aspiring
To the winning of the Bride ;
Bright with many a precious gem
Shone each suitor's diadem.

To her father's lordly towers came the mighty Heavenly Powers,
Guardians of the well-loved place,
Came to see the Maiden's beauty—for the tidings of her Duty,
And her loveliness of face,
And the magic of her eyes,
Drew them from the blissful skies.

Nala too, the great and glorious, noble Hero, brave, victorious,
Came in all his state that day—
Onward came the Chieftain proudly, and the people shouted loudly
At his glorious array—
Hail'd his coming every one,
Like the rising of the Sun.

There they shone in all their glory, princes famed in warlike story,
Conquerors of their enemies—
Glowing from their heavenly places shone the bright majestic faces
Of the Bless'd Deities—
Nala beam'd beyond compare,
Brighter than the brightest there.

Then the bold no more were fearless, for they all confess'd him
peerless—
He must win the lovely Bride—
Oh ! how can the Lady love us, when he shines so far above us
In his beauty, in his pride !

Indra's self approach'd in fear,
Spake he thus in Nala's ear :—

“ Chieftain ! bear our message to her, say that We are come
to woo her

From the bowers of Paradise—

Say, her love our souls subduing hither now has brought Us suing,
Brought us from the blissful skies ;
Go and fear not, for Our might
Shields Our messenger from sight.”

He obey'd, all sorrow-laden, and he sought the lovely maiden,
Faithful, but disconsolate.

In her bower the Chieftain found her ; with no band of damsels
round her,

All alone the Princess sate.

“ I am Nala,” thus spake he,

“ Herald from the Gods to thee ;

“ Lady fair ! the Gods adore thee, They have come from Heaven
for thee,

Lady of the lovely brow !

Pain and sickness ne'er shall grieve thee, happiness shall never
leave thee,

For their chosen Bride art thou ;

Maiden ! worthy of the love

Of the Bless'd Ones above !

“ Fairer than the Fair of Heaven ! endless joy to thee is given
If thou hearken to my voice ;

Bliss for ever shall delight thee, matchless happiness requite thee
For thy love, thy wreath, thy choice ;

Go, and with undying lip
The Drink of Life, the Amrit sip ! ”

Thus the noble Chief address'd her—and a mighty love possess'd her
For the Prince who spake to her ;
Vainly for the Gods he pleaded—the high message was unheeded,
For she loved the messenger.
“ Tell the Bless'd Ones,” she cried,
“ Never can I be their Bride.”

Duly were her words repeated.—Now the rival Kings were seated
In the glorious company ;
High their hearts within them bounded, as the voice of music sounded
Through the place melodiously ;
And the Lady, royal prize,
Shone there with her large soft eyes.

Then the herald's proclamation made the wonted celebration
Of each princely suitor's name ;
Back through many an age they traced them, told the glorious
deeds that graced them,
And the triumphs of their fame ;
Whilst the wondering subject crowd
Low before the Princes bow'd.

Damayanti now advancing, o'er the assembled Chieftains glancing,
Look'd around her anxiously ;
Doubt and wilderment came o'er her, more than *one* shone bright
before her,
In that form she long'd to see—
All with Nala's matchless face,
All with Nala's heavenly grace !

Then she cried, her senses failing, in an undertone of wailing :—

“ Hear, ye Gods, to whom I pray !

If so be that Ye have found me bountiful to all around me,

Give the recompense to-day !

If in Childhood and in Youth

I have kept the path of Truth.

“ If I love my Nala truly—hold his image printed duly

Deep within my faithful breast—

Let the Prince I love so dearly shine out in his beauty clearly

To my eyes above the rest,

Like the noble forest King

O'er the wild beasts towering.”

Thus she pray'd in lamentation—and the Maiden's supplication

Favour with the Bless'd found—

And with wondering eyes she noted how their heavenly bodies floated

Unsupported by the ground,

Whilst her Nala, Child of Earth,

Stood confest of mortal birth.

Duly then her Choice was given, and the mighty Lords of Heaven

Pour'd their blessings on the Chief ;

For so well they seem'd united, that the rival Gods, delighted,

Knew no envy, felt no grief—

And they left the loving Pair

Blest as the Immortals there.

Thus did Nala, great and glorious, noble Hero, brave, victorious,

Gain the royal peerless Bride.

To his City drove he proudly, whilst the people cheer'd him loudly,

With his Lady at his side ;

And his subjects glad and gay,

Kept their merry holiday.

The Gita Govinda.

THE beautiful little pastoral drama entitled the Gita Govinda, or the Song of the Divine Herdsman, is a specimen of that mystic or emblematical theology, "that figurative mode of expressing the fervour of devotion, or the ardent love of created spirits towards their beneficent Creator, which has prevailed from time immemorial in Asia." *

Under the figure of the love, quarrels, and reconciliation of the incarnate Deity, dwelling, like the Grecian Apollo, amongst the flocks and herds under the name of Krishna, with the beautiful shepherdess Rádhá, it shadows forth the reciprocal attachment which exists between the human Soul and Divine Beauty Goodness and Knowledge. As Krishna, faithless for a time, discovers the vanity of all other loves, and returns with sorrow and longing to his own darling Rádhá so the human Soul after a brief and frantic attachment to objects of sense, burns to return to the God from whence it came — "from its original instinct, it vergeth toward him as its centre, and can have no rest till it be fixed on him. * * * He doth cherish and encourage our love by sweetest influences and most consoling embraces;" and, "in that mysterious union of spirit, whereby we do closely adhere to, and are, as it were, inserted in him, * * * * we cannot but feel very pleasant transports." †

With respect to the date of the composition nothing certain is known, but it seems now to be generally believed that the author, Jayadeva, flourished at least as late as the twelfth century of our Era.

A few stanzas from some of the principal songs are here offered by way of specimen, but the exquisite melody of the verse can only be appreciated by those who can enjoy the original.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

KRISHNA.

NANDA—*A Herdsman, foster-father of KRISHNA.*

RÁDHÁ.

DAMSEL, *Attendant on RÁDHÁ.*

SHEPHERDESSES, *beloved by KRISHNA.*

* Sir W. Jones, "On the Mystical Poetry of the Hindus."

† These passages are extracted from a portion of one of Barrow's Sermons, quoted by Sir W. Jones, in his Essay on the Mystical Poetry of the Hindus.

NANDA.

“ Go, gentle Rádhá, seek thy fearful love ;
 Dusk are the woodlands—black the sky above ;
 Bring thy dear wanderer home, and bid him rest
 His weary head upon thy faithful breast.”

Through tangled bushes, 'neath the forest shade,
 In anxious search the love-lorn Rádhá stray'd ;
 “ Cease !” cried a pitying maiden, “ cease thy care,
 Nor seek him further, for thy love is there !”

She Sings.

In this love-tide of Spring when the amorous breeze
 Has kiss'd itself sweet on the beautiful trees,
 And the humming of numberless bees, as they throng
 To the blossoming shrubs, swells the Kokila's song—
 In this love-tide of Spring when the spirit is glad,
 And the parted—yes, only the parted—are sad,
 Thy lover, thy Krishna, is dancing in glee
 With troops of young maidens, forgetful of thee.

The season is come when the desolate bride
 Would woo with laments her dear lord to her side,
 When the rich-laden stems of the Vakul bend low
 'Neath the clustering flowers in the pride of their glow ;
 In this love-tide of Spring when the spirit is glad,
 And the parted—yes, only the parted—are sad,
 Thy lover, thy Krishna, is dancing in glee
 With troops of young maidens, forgetful of thee.

Dispensing rich odours the sweet Mádhaví
With its lover-like wreathings encircles the tree ;
And oh ! e'en a Hermit must yield to the power,
The ravishing scent of the Mallika flower.
In this love-tide of Spring when the spirit is glad,
And the parted—and none but the parted—are sad,
Thine own, thy dear Krishna is dancing in glee,
He loves his fair partners, and thinks not of thee.

The damsel pointed where she saw him stand,
All wild with love, and drunk with wanton bliss,
Wooing, caressing each young dancer's hand,
With many a glance, with many an eager kiss.

She Sings.

Saffron robes his body grace,
Flowery wreaths his limbs entwine,
There's a smile upon his face,
And his ears with jewels shine ;
In that youthful company,
Amorous felon ! revels he,
False to all, most false to thee.

See ! one bolder than the rest
Wooes him nearer and more near,
Strains him to her heaving breast,
Sings sweet music in his ear.
In that youthful company,
Amorous felon ! revels he,
False to all, most false to thee.

One would fain a secret speak,
 Moves aside his wavy hair,
 Breathes upon his glowing cheek,
 Prints a kiss of rapture there.

In that youthful company,
 Loving felon ! revels he,
 False to all, most false to thee.

Joying, toying, fondly pressing,
 Blessing blest—carest caressing ;
 Now he's wooing, now embraces—
 Now he's suing, now he chases.

In that youthful company,
 Amorous felon ! revels he,
 False to all, most false to thee.

Yet Rádhá's image lingering in his breast,
 Forbade his wandering fancy more to rove ;
 He sought his faithful love, by woe opprest,
 And mourn'd his darling in the shady grove.

He Sings.

She is fled, she is gone ! Oh ! how angry was she
 When she saw the gay Shepherd girls dancing with me !
 Oh ! how could I speak to her ! how could I dare
 Intreat her to stay and to pardon me *there* ?

Oh Hari ! * vile Hari ! lament thee and mourn,
 Thy Lady has left thee, has left thee in scorn !

What will my darling do, what will she say ?
 How spend the long hours when her lover's away ?

* A name of Krishna.

No riches, no splendour can bring me relief,
My home is a horror, my life but a grief.

Oh Hari! vile Hari! lament thee and mourn,
Thy dearest has left thee, has left thee in scorn.

How bright in her anger she seems to me now,
With her scorn-flashing glance, and her passion-arch'd brow,
And her proud trembling eye in my fancy I see,
Like the Lotus that throbs 'neath the wing of the bee.

Oh Hari! vile Hari! lament thee and mourn,
Thy fair one has left thee, has left thee in scorn.

Forgive me, sweet mistress! oh! pity my pain,
And never, believe me, I quit thee again!
Beam sweet on thy lover the light of thy face,
And fold me again in thy twining embrace!

Oh Hari! vile Hari! lament thee and mourn,
Thy Rádhá has left thee, has left thee in scorn.

* * * * *

KRISHNA *Sings.*

Oh! grant my prayer, and speak, love,
I pine thy voice to hear;
Even in wrath thy cheek, love,
Will shine away my fear.

For the flash of thy teeth is so white, love,
As bright as the Moon's clear ray;
As that dispels the night, love,
'Twill drive my dread away.

No longer, dearest, spurn me,
Nor let this passion burn me,
But let thy thirsting lover sip
The honied nectar of thy lip.

What! art thou angry still, love?
 Then bid thy lover die ;
 Those darts have power to kill, love,—
 Come, slay me with thine eye.
 Or wilt thou have me bound, love?
 Then throw thine arms around me,
 And there shall I still be found, love,
 In the coils wherein they have wound me.
 Or wilt thou have me slain, love?
 Then bite me, dear, to death,
 And life will come again, love,
 In the odour of thy breath.
 Then oh! no longer spurn me,
 Nor let this passion burn me,
 But let thy thirsting lover sip
 The honied nectar of thy lip.

* * * * *

DAMSEL *Sings.*

Oh! his words were soft, Lady! oh! his voice was sweet ;
 Many a promise made he, sighing at thy feet :
 With every sweetest flower that glows in beauty there,
 He has deck'd his pleasant bower for thee, O Lady fair !
 Hasten, oh! no longer stay!
 Hasten to thy love away!

In love their voices raising, sweet birds around thee sing,
 And Kokilas are praising the flower-darting King ; *
 The spell of Hari's suing no maiden can disown,
 Oh! let not his fond wooing be spurn'd by thee alone !
 Lady! here no longer stay,
 Hasten to thy love away!

* Káma, the God of Love, whose arrows are tipped with flowers.

All calls thee to his dwelling, the reeds are bending low
With pointed fingers* telling the way that thou shouldst go:
Go, thou that lovest dearly—go forth with all thy charms,
Thy zone-bells tinkling clearly are calling thee to arms!

Lady! here no longer stay,
Haste thee to thy love away!

*

“ And all the broad leaves over me
Clapp’d their little *hands* in glee.”—LONGFELLOW.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

THE FIGURES OF INDIAN POETICAL RHETORIC, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE BHATTI KA'VYA.*

THE BHATTI KA'VYA—an Epic Poem composed in the Silver Age of Sanskrit literature, for the purpose of illustrating, by every variety of example, the rules of Grammar, Poesy, and its sister, Rhetoric—is certainly deserving of more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon it.

Valuable as the work is, to a student of the language in which it is written, for its copious illustration of the grammatical treatises of PA'NINI and VOPADEVA, (to whose SU'TRAS, or Succinct Rules, constant reference is made in the excellent native Commentaries on the Poem,) and curious as a portion of it is as an “Art of Poetry,” teaching by example only,—it has additional claims upon our consideration, in its comparative antiquity of composition, and its classic purity and elegance of style; nor is the Poem without passages of great descriptive power and general poetical merit, although these beauties do not, perhaps, appear to advantage in the division of the work with which we are now concerned.

* This paper was kindly read for the Author by Professor H. H. Wilson, before the Royal Asiatic Society; it is inserted in the hope that even the general reader may find it not devoid of interest.

Notwithstanding the undeniably prosaic nature of its object, which is never once lost sight of, the BHATTI KA'VYA describes the oft-told adventures of "the subject of all verse," the beloved Man-God RA'MA;—his birth and life, his sufferings and triumphs, are celebrated at full length, and in language and style not unworthy of the inspiring theme.

The Poem is divided into twenty-two Books, containing together about fifteen hundred Stanzas; of its object there are two grand divisions,—'SABDA-LAKSHAN'A, or *the Illustration of Grammar*; and KA'VYA-LAKSHAN'A, that of *Poesy* and its *Rhetoric*. It is a subdivision of the latter only that will now come under our consideration. This subdivision, namely, ALANKA'RA, or *Embellishment*, is again divided into 'SABDA'LANKA'RA, *Embellishment of Sound*, and ARTHA'LANKA'RA, *Embellishment of Matter*; the former of these two, containing the YAMAKA—that is to say, the very complicated and artificial system of *Rhyme* employed by some of the Indian Poets; the repetition, but in a different sense, not merely of syllables and words, but even, in some instances, of hemistichs and entire verses—together with ANUPRA'SA, or "apt *Alliteration's* artful aid," has been amply illustrated by Dr. Yates in his edition of the *Nalódaya*; whilst *Embellishment of Matter*, containing the Figures of Poetical Rhetoric, though scarcely less worthy of consideration, has not been equally fortunate. The tenth Book, from the twenty-first Stanza to the end, is occupied with this Division; a single Stanza being given by the Poet to the illustration of each Figure, and to each of its varieties when such occur.

The point at which the story (substantially the same with that contained in the RA'MA'YAN'A) has arrived, is this:—SI'TA' having been carried off by the demon RA'VANA to his capital LANKA', in Ceylon, the Monkey-Confederates of her husband RA'MA had, with a view to her recovery, sent thither their envoy HANU'MAN; he had been treated with great indignity, and in revenge had set LANKA' on fire; he is now returning in triumph to the expecting Monkeys, bearing with him a jewel of SI'TA's, as a token to her husband.

The first Figure of Poetical Rhetoric illustrated in this division of

the work is DI'PAKA, or *the Illuminator*; its use being, as the name implies, to enhance the force and clearness of a description—throwing, as it were, a quickening ray of light upon the colouring of the Poet's picture; for its power it is indebted to arrangement in general, especially to the collocation of the single verb, which (to use the expression of the Commentator) *lights up the whole description*; and, according to the place of which, at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of the Stanza, the Figure is called the 'ADI-, MADHYA-, or ANTA-DI'PAKA, the *Illuminator Initial, Medial, or Final*.

The object of the Poet in the three Stanzas which illustrate these varieties of the Figure, is to give an idea of the huge size of HANU'MAN, the speed of his flight, the splendid appearance of the Monkey-chieftain, and the assembled hosts that welcomed his return, together with the surpassing speed with which he had performed his mission. In the two following couplets, which illustrate the 'ADI-DI'PAKA, HANU'MAN is represented commencing his aërial journey; and from the immediate results of his putting himself in motion, we are led to infer the vast size of his body, and the wonderful rapidity of his course. The *commencement* contains the one emphatic word, in this instance the *root* (as the Scholiast terms it) from which the succeeding actions regularly spring:—

Ādi-dīpaka.

He flew—the waters wildly dash'd on high,
And shook the trees that droop'd their branches nigh;
They pour'd their blossoms down in softest showers,
And wanton Sylphs couch'd gladly on the flowers.

It need hardly be pointed out that the emphatic word here is *flew*,—in his flight he so agitated the air, that the rushing wind tossed up the waters, and caused the series of results described.*

In the second variety of this Figure, the emphatic word is placed at the end of the fourth line—

* As far as arrangement is concerned, we may compare the King's drinking to Hamlet;—

“ Give me the cups!
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth.”

Anta-dīpaka.

Soon on the hill where waved a lovely wood,
 With smiles of triumph, proud HANU'MAN * stood,
 And with the splendour of his host in arms
 To that fair mountain gave-yet-greater-charms.

The words at the end of the second couplet connected by hyphen, are intended to represent the verb in the imperfect tense, which occupies that position in the original; to this verb and its collocation the description owes most of the force it possesses.

In the third variety, the strength of the Figure lies in the verb in the middle of the Stanza, the beginning of the third line:—

Madhya-dīpaka.

Swift, passing swift great VISHNU's Bird they deem'd,
 And scarce more slow the Sun and Tempest seem'd;
 Yet *thought* they still their Envoy-chieftain there
 So soon returning, swift beyond compare.

The class of Figures next illustrated by the Poet is that by which Comparison is implied or expressed, that is to say, *Metaphor*, and *Simile*. RU'PAKA (from *rūpa*, form) is the description of one object under the form of another, animate or inanimate, which it is poetically supposed exactly to resemble; the term might be rendered by *Transformation* or *Personification*, but in the examples here given, the Figure appears as the reverse of what we generally mean by the latter of these words, and *Metaphor* will sufficiently express the meaning of the Figure as it is illustrated here. The Metaphor is expressed by what in Sanskrit is termed the *Compound of Resemblance*, viz. "Mountain-Monkey," "Snake-weapons," &c. Specimens are given of four varieties, independently of the general Figure.

RU'PAKA.—*Metaphor General.*

A Mountain-Monkey† seem'd he to their sight,
 Where sharp snake-weapons shrink away from light;
 Its base his mighty chest—the flank his side,
 With blood for ochre, and dark metals dyed.

* The second syllable in this name, more commonly *short*, is lengthened by the author of the Bhatti Kāvya.

† Compare with this, Shakspeare, Henry V.—

"Whiles that his mountain-Sire, on mountain standing
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun."

Passages not dissimilar to this occur in the "*Song of Songs*," and in "*Venus and Adonis*,"—here the Monkey is represented in the likeness of a mountain; there is a noble example in "*Manfred*" of what we may consider the exact reverse of this, describing a mountain under the form of a man:—

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of cloud,
With a diadem of snow;
Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand."

The first Modification of RU'PAKA can scarcely be said to differ from the general Figure which has just been illustrated; as, in the example of the latter, HANU'MAN is represented as a mountain, so in the specimen illustrating the former his hosts appear as *a part* of a mountain:—

VI'SISHTOPAMA'YUKTA.—*Metaphor Particular.*

Seem'd the assembled Monkeys to his view
Bright *mountain-highlands* of a golden hue;
For brilliant gems their sparkling glances beam'd,
Their yellow locks for golden creepers* stream'd.

In the second Modification the Metaphor employed in the first three lines is dropped in the fourth, as in the following example:—

KHAN'D'A-RU'PAKA.—*Metaphor Imperfect.*

The Monkey-Moon shone all their care to rest
And calm'd with light the wild Ape-ocean's breast,
Gave forth his moonbeam tidings soft and clear,
And dimm'd each eye with a triumphant tear.

The third variety is the reverse of the last, the Metaphor being employed in the *fourth* line *only*:—

ARDHA-RU'PAKA.—*Metaphor Partial.*

They trampled down the wild plants of the mount,
And drank the waters of each dancing fount;
Spoiling the garden 'neath their ruthless feet—
Wild Monkey-Elephants in furious heat.

* So Drummond speaks of "*the green locks of the plain*."

The fourth and last variety of RU'PAKA is what we should feel inclined to call the Abuse of Metaphor. Persian writers have used it, and still employ it, to excess,* but it has never been a favourite with the simpler Indian Muse. The point in the following example appears to lie in the acceptance and application in a literal and general sense of a noun usually employed in a special one:—

LALA'MAKA-RU'PAKA.—*Metaphor Flowery.*

The bright *Ape-Sun* dispell'd their *midnight* wo,
With *triumph* dawning bade *Hope's Lotus* grow,
Then left the mountain—his *Ascension Hill*—
The *night* in RA'MA's secret soul to kill.†

Here the term "*Ascension Hill*," usually applied to the mountain behind which the sun is supposed to rise, is taken, by something like a play upon the word, to signify the mountain from which HANU'MAN rose into the air, and thus serves as a sort of foundation for the Metaphor.

The next Figure to be considered is UPAMA', *Comparison*, or Similitude expressed; it will be seen that in several of the examples which follow, the difference lies only in the conjunction by which resemblance is signified, and which gives the name to that variety.

The first of these is IVOPAMA', or *Comparison expressed* by "*iva*," "*like*:"—

Ivopamā.

He reach'd the Holy Grove—the King stood there,
With deerskin, hermit's coat, and matted hair;
There was his brother—thoughts and garb the same—
Like Nara and that Saint‡ of perfect fame.

* Thus, in the Persian fable of the Gardener and the Nightingale,—“The gardener . . . tore with the hand of confusion the collar of patience, and rent the mantle of his heart with the piercing thorn of uneasiness.”

† Compare, *Romeo and Juliet*,—

“*It is the east, and Juliet is the Sun!*

Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon.”

Thus also *Marino*, speaking of Night,—

“*E di tenebre armata uccise il giorno.*”

‡ “NARA and NARA'YANA were two Saints, the sons of DHERMA and AHINSA'. . . . The Commentator on the Drama (*Vikrama and Urvasi*) says, NARA and NARA'YANA were *Avatāras*, descents or incarnations of KRISHNA and ARJUNA.”—*Wilson*.

The second variety expresses Similitude by "*yathá*," "*as*;" the difference in these two examples is merely verbal, as in the following couplet of F. Beaumont:—

"Like to the falling of a star,
Or *as* the flights of eagles are."

Yathopamá.

Deep in his hand, low bending on his knee
He held the jewel for the King to see;
Faint through his fingers beam'd its clouded rays,
As shines the Moon through darkening lines of haze.

In the third variety Comparison is shown by the conjunction "*saha*," "*with*;" it might be called the *Comparison of Connerion*, as by coupling two objects it implies their similarity; thus Sr'TA's jewel is in the following example compared to Hope:—

Sahopamá.

Yet seem'd it glorious in the Monarch's sight,
As when the Moon streams forth unclouded light;
With * fondest hope—hope of his Sr'TA's life,
Flash'd on the King the jewel of his wife.

The next variety is *Comparison expressed by Inseparable Affixes*, such as "*-vat*," &c. answering to our "*-wise*." The verbal difference in the example given can scarcely be preserved in a translation:—

Taddhitopamá.

Type of himself, from his dear Sr'TA's love,
In sorrow banish'd to the gloomy grove,
It gleam'd no longer as it once had shone;
Its splendour fled like his—its glory likewise gone.

The fifth variety is called LUPTOPAMA', or *Comparison Elliptical*: the conjunction expressing resemblance is *omitted*, and therefore the Figure is rather what we should call a Metaphor.† Just as a beloved

* Thus Byron,—

"Up rose the Dervise *with* that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight."

† It is certainly stronger than a mere Comparison; as Lady Macbeth bids her husband—

"Look *like* the innocent flower,
But *be* the serpent under it."

object is constantly called "*a jewel*" by ourselves, so HANU'MAN, from the rapidity with which he had brought tidings of SI'TA', is called "*the gem*" of fable which fulfilled every wish of its possessor.

Luptopamā.

Soon as they saw the jewel he had brought,
Thus RA'MA, LAKSHMAN, and SUGRI'VA thought,—
Surely HANU'MAN—envoy swift—must be
That wondrous stone : the *Wishing Gem* is he.

The last variety is SAMOPAMA', or *Comparison expressed by the adjective* "*sama*," "*like*," in composition with] the substantive to which the object of the Comparison is likened :—

Samopamā.

Said he, "That fiend will know your power too late,
When ye sweep o'er him like the blast of fate;
And she shall be a spark to make him fly
To LANKA's forest, *lion-like* to die."

The next Figure that the Poet illustrates is called ARTHA'NTARANYA'SA, or *Transition*; the writer turning aside from his narrative to introduce some apposite moral reflection, as in the last of the four following lines :—

Arthāntaranyāsa.

"I saw the hated fiend, who stole away
The Wealth-God's riches, conqueror in the fray—
That shameless robber, haughty foe of Heaven,
Whom does not fortune spoil, too largely given?" *

The Figure next in order, called ĀKSHEPA—*Irony*, or *Sneering*—being an indirect method of conveying censure, will be sufficiently explained by the example itself :—

Ākshepa.

"How should ye marvel at his guilty pride?
Why should the wicked walk by *Virtue's side*?"

* Thus, "Faerie Queen," B. I. Can. iv. :—

"Unseemely man to please faire ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?"

There is also a *Modification* of the preceding Figure, called A'KSHEPA EVA, or *Insinuation*, by which, by sufficiently intelligible hints, the hearer may infer the meaning of the speaker, which he does not expressly state in words. Thus does Shakspeare represent the cowardly King John urging on Hubert to murder Arthur;* and thus in the following lines is RA'MA incited to recover the captive SI'TA'.

A'kshepa eva.

“There in the dwelling of thy Monster foe
Thy SI'TA' languish'd, deadly pale with woe.
Now say, great Monarch, seems thy duty clear,
Or wilt thou all the mournful story hear?”

VYATIREKA, or *Dissimilitude*, is, when the Poet, after describing the resemblance which one object bears to another, then dwells upon the difference between them. In the following lines SI'TA' is compared to the waning Moon, of which but one digit is visible; “but there,” says HANU'MAN, “let the resemblance cease, and let not *her* also be entirely obscured by the thick darkness of woe.”

Vyatireka.

“Know, then, thy Lady, pale and wasted, lay
In sorrow waning like the Moon away;—
Oh! let not darkness cloud that feeble light,
Nor hide her wholly like the Moon from sight!”†

The Poet next illustrates the Figure called VIBHA'VANA', or *Negative Description*, bringing the evil qualities of RA'VANA more forcibly before the view by *Negatives* than he could have done by Positive Description.

* “He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.”—*King John*.

† An instance of *Dissimilitude*, in Beattie's “*Hermit*,” between the *Moon* and *Man*, is founded on the *reverse* of this idea:—

“Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?”

Campbell has a good instance of this Figure:—

“Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!”

Vibhāvanā.

“Awake, great Monarch! in thy wrath arise!
 Too long has SĪTA’ been the demon’s prize
 Who ne’er hath loved the counsel of the sage,
 Ne’er hated sin, ne’er honour’d learn’d age.” *

SAMA’SOKTI, or *Compound Metaphor*, contains in the following example two instances of the simple Figure in connexion. RA’MA grieving for the loss of SĪTA’ is likened to a parched lake, when, unexpectedly, like a shower of rain from a cloudless sky, the welcome tidings brought by HANU’MAN refresh his fainting spirit. In the original there is a play (which can hardly be preserved in translation) upon two words signifying “*soul*,” and “*anguish*,” which may also mean “*living creatures*,” and “*heat*,” and then apply as well to the lake with its fish dying beneath the burning sun.

Samāsokti.

His soul in anguish, mourning for his bride,
 Was some broad lake by parching sunbeams dried,
 Where life lay fainting—not a cloud was nigh,
 Yet cheering streams rain’d softly from the sky.

ATISAYOKTI, or *Pleonasm*, is considered an ornament by the Indian writers on Poetical Rhetoric: it is too common a fault, according to our ideas, in authors of every age and country.† It will be seen at once that there is much that is superfluous in the last three lines of the two following couplets:—

Atisayokti.

The monkeys follow’d as he gave command
 For onward march *by signing with his hand*,
 Like LAKSHMAN *in his dress and outward show*;
 SUGRĪVA hail’d the signal, *bending low*.

The next Figure is called YATHA’SANKHYA, or *Relative Order*; separating each verb from its immediate subject, it so arranges verbs with verbs, and subjects with subjects, in opposition, that each may answer to each.

* Thus Mammon is called by Milton “the *least erected* Spirit that fell from heaven;” and Virgil speaks of “*illaudatus* Busiris.”

† Thus Dr. Johnson bids “*Observation with extensive view Survey mankind*.”

Yathásankhya.

Before the princely pair the Chief advanced ;
 His followers' eyes bright fiery flashes glanced ;
 They *left*—they *traversed*—*reach'd* with speediest flight
 The *earth*—the *sky*—*Mahendra's* towering height—

that is, they left the earth, they traversed the sky, and reached the Mountain Mahendra.

This Figure is used, not without effect, in the account of the creation in “Paradise Lost;” * whilst Drummond of Hawthornden has carried the abuse of it to an absurd and puzzling excess.†

UTPREKSHA', or *Rhetorical Comparison*, is a Hyperbolical Description founded on Analogy ; thus, in the instance of the Figure which follows, the mountain is likened to a mighty protector putting forward his huge body to defend the world from the fury of the sea :—

Utprekshá.

There stood the giant hill, as if to save
 Earth from the peril of the threatening wave ;
 Rose high from land to heaven his mighty side,
 And hurl'd, unshaken, back the madness of the tide.‡

VA'RTA', or *Simple Description*, is the mere narration of facts, without rhetorical or poetical embellishment :—

Vártá.

Rooted in hell, its peaks arose on high ;
 Dark clouds that girt its flank conceal'd the sky ;
 There grew fair trees and pleasant, shady bowers,
 With luscious fruit and vary-colour'd flowers.

*

“ ——— Air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd.”

†

“ For streams, ¹juice, ²balm they are which quench, ¹kills, ³charms ;
 Of God, ¹death, ²hell, the ³wrath, the ¹life, the ³harms.”

The following couplet, describing the offices of the *Diva Triformis*, is neater :—

“ Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
 Ima, suprema, feras, sceptró, fulgore, sagittis.”

“ That pale, that white-faced shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the Ocean's roaring tides.”—*King John*.

PREYA, or *Tender Suggestion*, is the name given to a Figure by which the Poet awakens tender and pleasing emotions in the mind; representing a lover tracing in the beauties of Nature a fanciful resemblance to his best beloved:—

Preya.

The trancëd RA'MA, lingering there awhile,
Loved in the laughing flowers his Lady's smile;
And in the wild-bee's murmur, sweetly stole
Her voice of music o'er his raptured soul.*

RASAVAT, or *the Impassioned*, is the poetical description of inanimate objects as affected by emotions of love and jealousy, as in the following example of the mountain and the sky:—

Rasavat.

Seem'd as the Mountain in a loving grasp
Raised high his peaks the Sky's fair zone to clasp;†
With gem-like planets was she belted round,
And his cloud-mantle floated down unbound.‡

* It would be difficult to find in the whole range of poetry a prettier specimen of this pretty Figure than one which occurs in Kálidása's "Cloud Messenger," being part of the exile's message to his bride:—

"I see thy graceful form in every flower
That freshest, fairest twines around my bower;
When from my path the startled roe-deer fly,
In their soft glance I see thy gentle eye:
The Peacock's brilliant plumes to me recall
Thy long dark tresses, glittering as they fall;
The small brook-wavelets, arching in their flow,
Seem but the shadow of thy slender brow;
And when the Moon illumines my weary night,
Thy pure pale cheek is ever in my sight.
In each fair thing an emblem faint I see
Of beauty centering alone in thee."

† Compare Bryant, speaking of the Hurricane:—

"And his huge and writhing arms were bent
To grasp the zone of the firmament."

‡ So Shakspeare, in his glowing description of Cleopatra's barge, makes "the winds lovesick with the perfumed sails," and "the waters beaten by the silver oars" to "follow faster as amorous of their strokes."

As an instance of "*jealousy*," we may take the following lines from the second

Book

URJASVI'*—the Disdainful*—differs from the preceding Figure merely in its attributing Contempt instead of Love to the subject of the description, which is still the Mountain :—

Urjasvi.

Scorning vain mortals in his towering pride,*
He rose to Heaven from lonely Ocean's side ;
And, as his head a spreading cloud sustain'd,
Man's lowly weakness in his might disdain'd.

PARYA'YOKTA—*Periphrastic Description*—is sufficiently explained by its name and the example ; the Poet, instead of simply likening the Mountain to Heaven, says that by its beautiful and blissful appearance it *made the Nymphs of Paradise think* it the Celestial City of Indra :—

Paryáyokta.

There golden palaces and jewels blazed ;
There heavenly Quiristers their voices raised ;
All wondrous trees and all delights were there, - -
'Tis Indra's City, *thought the heavenly Fair.*†

SAMA'HITA, or *Intentness*, is the Figure next illustrated ; the example describes RA'MA, LAKSHMAN, and the Monkeys *gazing earnestly* across the sea on Lanká in Ceylon, the spot which HANU'MAN points out to them as the place of SI'TA's detention :—

Book of this Poem, where the flowers which Mrs. Browning says "*curtsey to the bees*," are represented rejecting them in jealous anger :—

" There woo'd the fair sweet Lily the wandering felon Bee,
Fresh from his darling Lotus all pollen-stain'd was he ;
But she cast away the traitor, bent by the breath of Morning,
Like a proud and angry beauty her faithless lover scorning."

* It is very remarkable that exactly the same idea occurs in Byron's sublime description of the Alps, in the following lines :—

" — All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

† Similar to this is the *periphrastic* comparison of Leviathan to an island in "*Paradise Lost* :—

" Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee."

Samāhita.

With eager eyes the Apes and Princes scann'd
 The spot towards which the Chief stretch'd forth his hand ;
 Beyond the sea, a place obscured by haze,
 Where SĪTA' lay, they fix'd their earnest gaze.*

UDA'RA—*Nobleness*—is a Figure attributing grandeur either of disposition or appearance to an inanimate object ; in the following example, Ocean is described as able to flood the earth, yet *nobly* and *mercifully* remaining within his bounds :—

Udāra.

Down sped they, down, from high Mahendra's bower,
 Screen'd by his stature from the Sun's fierce power,
 And reach'd the Sea, *whose raging waves might sweep*
In ruin o'er the earth—yet their set limits keep.

This description of the magnanimity of the Sea is not without a parallel in Shakspeare, who speaks of its "patient breast," and describes it swelling and raging as "ambitious to be exalted with the threatening clouds," and represents Queen Margaret as saying that "the pretty vaulting sea *refused to drown* her."

Two modifications of the Figure follow ; in the first is described the *Noble Appearance* of the Sea blazing with "heaps of pearl, inestimable stones," and "unvalued jewels," that shoot their light through its unfathomed caves ; and shaming even the Sun with the brightness of its diamonds :—

Udāra eva. I.

Large pearls and crystals, sparkling in its womb,
 Flash'd through the caves and lighten'd up the gloom ;
 Above, light floating diamonds† shot their rays,
 And shamed the Sun with their excessive blaze.

* The description of *Intentness*, or Earnest Gazing, in our Author's example, will not stand a comparison with that in the *Inferno*, xv. 17, where Dante says that the Spirits looked at him and his guide—

" come suol da sera
 Guardar l' un l' altro, sotto nuova luna ;
 E sì vèr noi aguzzavan le ciglia
 Come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna."

† Although S. T. Coleridge speaks of sunbeams dancing "*like diamonds* on the main," it seems strange to speak of "floating diamonds;" but these are the Poet's own words.

In the next example, the idea of *Nobleness* or *Grandeur* belongs rather to the heights of the Mountain Mahendra: these summits being formed of the fabulous *Moon-stone*, composed of the congelation of the Moon's rays, are therefore represented as bearing unmoved the dashing billows of the Sea:—

Udāra eva. II.

Oft would the Sea, as many a tribute rill
Swell'd high his waters, in the midnight still
Those moon-gem summits* waken from repose,
That bore unmoved his billows as they rose.

SLISHTA, or *Combination*, of which also there are two Modifications, may be considered, in fact, a species of *Comparison*; by this Figure two objects are closely connected, and the epithets apply to both in common. In the following example, *Mountains* beneath the ocean and *Sea-Serpents* are in this manner compared: we must remember that 'SESHA, the Serpent King, is in the Hindu mythology the supporter of the earth, as, in one of the fictions of the EDDA,—

“That Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world,”—

and that serpents, like toads, wear precious jewels in their heads, whilst their skins are decked, as one of our own Poets† has said, “with sapphires, greens, and amethyst, and rubious-argent:”—

Slishta.

The mighty world of moving waves contain'd
Huge hills and snakes that earth's vast weight sustain'd,
Blazing with precious stones and jewels' light,
Where weary monsters hid themselves from sight.

The first Modification of the Figure compares the two objects (in this instance waves and clouds) by a conjunction implying resem-

* Somewhat similar is an idea of the Russian Poet Derzhavin, thus translated by Dr. Bowring in his Russian Anthology,—

“What shall we call them? *Piles of crystal light.*”

† Keats—“*Lamia.*”

blance, viz. “*iva*,” “*like*,” and then applies the epithets to both, as before :—

Slishta eva.

With joy they gazed—*like clouds* the billows seem'd,
Where, jewel-bright, clear drops of water gleam'd ;
Shining with gem-like hues of INDRA'S Bow,
Refreshing earth, and murmuring loud and low.

HETUSLISHTA, or *Combination of Cause*, is another method of comparing the two objects, by describing, by means of epithets common to both, similar results produced in each by similar causes ; thus, in the following comparison of the deep sea-banks and mountains, precious stones are in each instance the cause of light. One word in the original expresses the elephants and monsters of the deep, taking their pastime on the slopes of mountain and of sea, and making torrents and billows sparkle more brightly as they dash through them in their play :—

Hetushlishta.

Sea-banks and hills, with coral branches bright,
Shone fair with gems, and rays of pearly light ;
In restless sheen, in changing splendour vied,
As floods and monsters pour'd adown their side.

The Figure next illustrated is called APAHNUTI, or *Illusion*. The Poet, continuing his description of the Ocean, represents the Monkey armies and the Princes so lost in wonder at its glorious appearance as to be unable to believe that it was really and truly the Sea.

Apahnuti.

Fill'd was the Sea with jewels, and the skies
Conceal'd by waves that rose in mountain size.
“Is this the deep ?” they said, and disbelieved,
For doubtful fancy had their sense deceived.

VISESHOKTI, or *Description of Excellence*, enhances the beauty of its subject by dwelling upon adverse circumstances, in spite of which this excellence exists ; it bids us “think what the kiss and the smile must be worth, when the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss.” Thus the following lines heighten the idea of the majesty of

the ocean;—it is still most excellent, although in days of old the Moon itself, amongst other treasures, and the Goddess of Beauty, or Śrī, had been churned out from it by the assembled Gods, when

“ With one heart, and with one will,
They lash’d the raging Ocean,
And furious, fast, and wilder still,
Arose the fierce commotion.

“ Then lo ! the Moon, all cold and bright,
Rose from the troubled sea,
And following in her robes of light
Appear’d the beauteous Śrī.”—*Churning of the Ocean.*

Viśeshokti.

Still blazed its glory though its Moon was gone ;
Still, though of Beauty robb’d, its splendour shone ;
Stirr’d by the Powers of Heaven, yet rising high
With mighty threatening billows to the sky.

As an example of VYĀJASTUTI, or *Indirect Eulogy*, the Poet represents the Sea as surpassing even the might of the incarnate VISHNU in upholding the earth (alluding to the Boar-Avatār, when the God in that form raised the earth out of the Flood), and, of course, *implying praise* by likening it in this respect to the preserver of the world.

Vyājastuti.

Ship-like, the Earth upon great Ocean’s breast,
And all her hills and fabled monsters,* rest ;
Thus he excels in strength the mighty Boar
That raised the flooded Earth in days of yore.

UPAMA’RU’PAKA, or *Comparison-Metaphor*, is the concurrence of those two Figures in the same description ; † taken separately, they do not differ at all from the examples of them already given.

Upamārūpaka.

Fair lay the Ocean, fill’d by countless rills,
That pour’d their tribute from the distant hills,

* Viz. Sēsha, “ that great Sea-Snake under the sea,” and “ the ponderous Elephants that prop the Skies.”

† Thus, “ They melted from the field, as snow,” &c.—*Marmion*.

Fallen *like the veil* when Earth has bared her charms—
Her *mountain-bosom*—for her lover's arms.*

The next Figure, called TULYAYOGITA', or *Equal Pairing*, implies Comparison in a manner somewhat similar to that of SLISHTA, or *Combination*; instead, however, of the *same* epithets being applied in common to both the objects of comparison in this Figure, they are only *similar* in meaning.

Tulyayogitá.

Nigh as they came, more gladly Ocean glanced,
As the two Princes and the Chief advanced;
Full well they met—the *stainless with the bright*,
The *glorious Ocean with those Chiefs of might*.†

NIDAR'SANA, or *Practical Intimation*, may be considered a species of Personification, warning or advice being supposed to be given by some inanimate object, as in the following example, RA'MA and his confederates are reminded by Ocean of the mutability of greatness:—

Nidar'sana.

E'en as they gazed upon him (as to show
That greatness suddenly may change to woe)
Sank down in peace the power of the Sea,
Hush'd were his billows, calm and still was he.‡

* In other words, the Sea is called a *sheet of water* fallen from the *breast of the hills*.

† Thus Bryant:—

“Innocent child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye pair'd in your opening hour.
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.”

Colin Clout, also, in the “*Shepherd's Calendar*,” compares in the same manner his feeble flock to their “maister” “overcome with care:”—

“Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne;
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourn.”

‡ This Figure is a general favourite—“The moon by more than twenty changes admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth, and the instructions of the planets.”—*Rasselas*.

Mrs. Browning has a short poem entitled “*Lessons from the Gorse*:”—

“Mountain gorses ever golden,
Canker'd not the whole year long,
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever prick'd and holden,
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,” &c.

VIRODHA, or *Contradiction*, is exemplified in the next two couplets; KA'MA, the Love-God, is represented as in vain assailing the heart of the hero, filled full already with affection for his SI'TA'—the contradiction is sufficiently obvious in the example:—

Virodha.

Love pierced great RA'MA with soft darts of flowers—
Burnt him with breezes chill'd by sea-spray showers;
But yet no wound was given by his dart,
Nor Love could kindle the fond hero's heart.*

UPAMEYOPAMA', or *Reciprocal Comparison*, instead of likening one object to another, expresses the resemblance more forcibly by bringing them *together* and *at once* before the view, and thus comparing *each to the other*.

Upameyopamā.

Shorn of their beams, less bright the look they wore—
The Sun and he each other's semblance bore;
Together left the earth with minish'd pride,
Together reach'd at eve the Ocean's side.†

* This Figure, which, at any rate, in its excess, may be numbered amongst those "*faux brillants*" whose "*éclatante folie*" Boileau bids us *leave to Italy*, has found, perhaps, too many to employ and admire it. Giles Fletcher thus states the argument of his "Christ's Victory and Triumph:"—

"— The obsequies of him that could not die,
And death of life, end of eternity,
How worthily he died that died unworthily."

Phineas Fletcher calls Love "A death still living, and a life still dying"—"*un vivace morire*,"—to quote from Il Pastor Fido—"Che dà vita al dolore, Per far che *mora immortalmemente* il core;" and Romeo apostrophises Love as '*heavy lightness*,' "*cold fire*," "*sick health*," &c. &c.

† In a similar manner the setting Sun and the fallen Cassius are compared in "Julius Cæsar:"—

"O setting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost set to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set—
The Sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone."

S. T. Coleridge furnishes us with an illustration of a different nature:—

"Flowers are lovely; Love is flowerlike."

Cf. Quintil. Inst. Orator. lib. vii.: "In omni parabolâ aut præcedit similitudo, et res sequitur, aut præcedit res, et similitudo sequitur. Sed interim libera et separata est, interim quod longè optimum est, cum re, cujus est imago, connectitur, collatione invicem

SAHOKTI, or *Connected Description*, bears a close resemblance to SAHOPAMA', or *Comparison of Connexion*; instead, however, of implying the similarity of two *objects* by coupling them, this Figure, by a more extended comparison, infers the resemblance of two *circumstances* happening at the same time, which are coupled in a similar manner. In the following lines RA'MA is represented standing on the sea-shore at the close of day; all his thoughts are given to his SI'TA', and the love that grows stronger and stronger within him is thus compared to the increasing night around him:—

Sahokti.

Then with the Night that brings the labourer rest,
And with the loved one fills his faithful breast,
Love, waxing mighty, o'er the hero stole,
And thicker darkness gather'd round his soul.*

PARIVRITTI, or *Return*, is defined by the Scholiasts, “Exchange of Benefits.” In the example given, the Moon is said to create again with its light the world overwhelmed by a flood of darkness—a benefit which men repay with their grateful upturned eyes; this example also contains ARTHA'NTARANYA'SA, or *Transition*, which will be recognised in the fourth line:—

Parivritti.

But lo! the fair cold Moon dispell'd the Night,
And grateful mortals gazed upon the light—
Re-forming earth from darkness' whelming flood,
For noble beings render good for good.†

invicem respondente, quod facit redditio contraria, quæ ἀνταπόδοσις dicitur
Redditio illa rem utramque, quam comparat, velut subjicit oculis, et pariter ostendit.”

* Thus in that most expressive line in the “*Knights Tale*,” Emelie rises in her joy and beauty, *with, and like* the sun—“Up rose the Sonne, *and* up rose Emelie;” and in the “*Corsair*” sad Medora's heart sinks *with, and like* the setting sun, and darkens with the darkening night:—

“The Sun hath sunk, and darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon-height
Medora's heart.”

† The following lines contain a pretty example of *Parivritti*:—

“The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbèd reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,

SASANDEHA, or *Hesitation*, is a species of Indirect Praise. Eulogy of the Moon, as it darts its "placid lightning o'er the sky," is intended in the following lines, which represent RA'MA as lost in wondering doubt at its brightness, and taking its beams for the vivid flashes of a thunderbolt.

Sasandeha.

In wondering doubt his eyes the hero raised,
And, love-distracted, on the moonlight gazed—
"Whence fly these arrows, and no bowman nigh?
Can Indra's bolt flash from a cloudless sky?"*

ANANVAYA, or *Irregular Comparison*, likens an object, not to anything else, but, as it were, to itself—*nought but itself can be its parallel*. The subject is still the moonlight:—

Ananvaya.

Now o'er fair lotus-groves it softly stray'd,
Shot through the darkness, and the sky display'd;
More purely clear, more brightly fair it shone
Than any other radiance than its own.†

On waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest."—WILSON.

There is a remarkable parallel to this instance of the Figure in one of Keats's minor poems; it contains the same general idea—exactly the same *Transition*; and the very words which the Indian Commentator employs to explain the Figure:—

"The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
Thus while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live;
*So keeping up an interchange of favours,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.*"

* As an instance of *Sasandeha* take the following lines of "The Corsair,"—

"What gem hath dropp'd, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain."

And the following, from Hood's "Flight of Miss Kilmansegg":—

"—Away, like the bolt of a rabbit,
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—
*Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,
Or only the skirt of her habil?*"

† So Moore, of Echo:—

"So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain."

And Senec. Hercul. Furens—"Quæris Alcidiæ parem? *Nemo est nisi Ipse.*"

UTPREKSHA'VAYAVA—*Containing-Rhetorical-Comparison*—is a figure of which UTPREKSHA' is a component part, others also being found in combination with it. In illustration of the "*Rhetorical Comparison*," darkness is represented as flying as it were for refuge to the cave, which by RU'PAKA, or *Metaphor*, is called the foe of the Moon; and then a variety of UPAMA', or *Comparison*, likens the darkness to one in fear:—

Utprekshāvayava.

In cloudy beauty conquer'd darkness hied
Where the deep cave—*dark foe*—the Moon defied,
There, as in shelter from each searching ray,
Far in the rock, *like one afraid*, it lay.*

SANSRISHTI, or *aggregation*, is the employment of several figures in the same passage. As each of those made use of in the following lines has already been illustrated, it will be sufficient merely to refer to them here; the example, perhaps, had better be given first:—

Sansrishti.

To RA'MA LAKSHMAN spake, in accents loud
As the deep thunder bellowing from a cloud—
The *charming* to the *beauteous*—o'er his will
Reigning like KA'MA, yet obedient still.

By UPAMA', or *Comparison*, the voice of LAKSHMAN is likened to thunder; in the third line, "*charming—beauteous*" is an instance of TULYAYOGITA', or *Equal Pairing*; "*like KA'MA*" is UPAMA' again; "*reigning o'er his will*" is SLISHTA, or *Combination*, the epithet being a common name for the Love-God, and being applied also to LAKSHMAN to denote his power over his brother's mind. There is, moreover, an example of VIRODHA, or *Contradiction*, only half of which is actually expressed; it is not easy to see its point even in the original, and, depending as it does upon a pun, it will appear to still

* We may compare—

"And through the softening vale below
Roll'd her bright waves in rosy glow
All blushing to her bridal bed,
Like some shy maid in convent bred."—*Rokeby*.

greater disadvantage in English. Vámasíla, a name of KA'MA, signifies "refractory in disposition,"—LAKSHMAN, therefore, being compared to KA'MA, is *understood* to be "Vámasíla," and at the same time is called the exact opposite, "avámasíla," or "obedient" (to his elder brother).

A'si'—*Benediction*, or *Encouragement*—is illustrated in the next four lines, in which LAKSHMAN commences his speech to his brother, exhorting him to rescue SI'TA' from RA'VANA :—

A'sí.

"Up ! make his widows rend their locks for woe,
And drench with tears their dyed lips' vermeil glow !
Up ! free thy prison'd bride ! no longer mourn !
Art thou the Nations' Refuge, or their Scorn?"*

HETU, or *the Reason*, adds weight to a reflection, by pointing out a reason for the inference, and employing (as in the following example) a Simile by way of illustration :—

Hetu.

"Away with sorrow—for the strong and great
Despair casts headlong from their high estate ;
Light planks upon the treacherous surface lie,
Where the huge elephants must sink and die."†

NIPUN'A, or *Dexterity*, is intended to convey an ingenious apology ; as, in the example which follows, for the advice given by the younger brother LAKSHMAN to RA'MA. "There is nothing," he commences, "in which he really requires instruction—even his least important actions are dictated by forethought—it is only a brother's deep and restless affection that prompts him to speak to RA'MA as he has done :—"

* "Now by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves."—MACAULAY.

† Thus Alp in "The Siege of Corinth,"—

"Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late :
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
Then rise again ; the tree must shiver."

Nipun'a.

"'Tis true thy mind all needful wisdom knows,
 'Tis forethought bids thy wearied eyelids close;
 Still thy good deeds embolden me to tell
 The doubts I feel for one I love so well." *

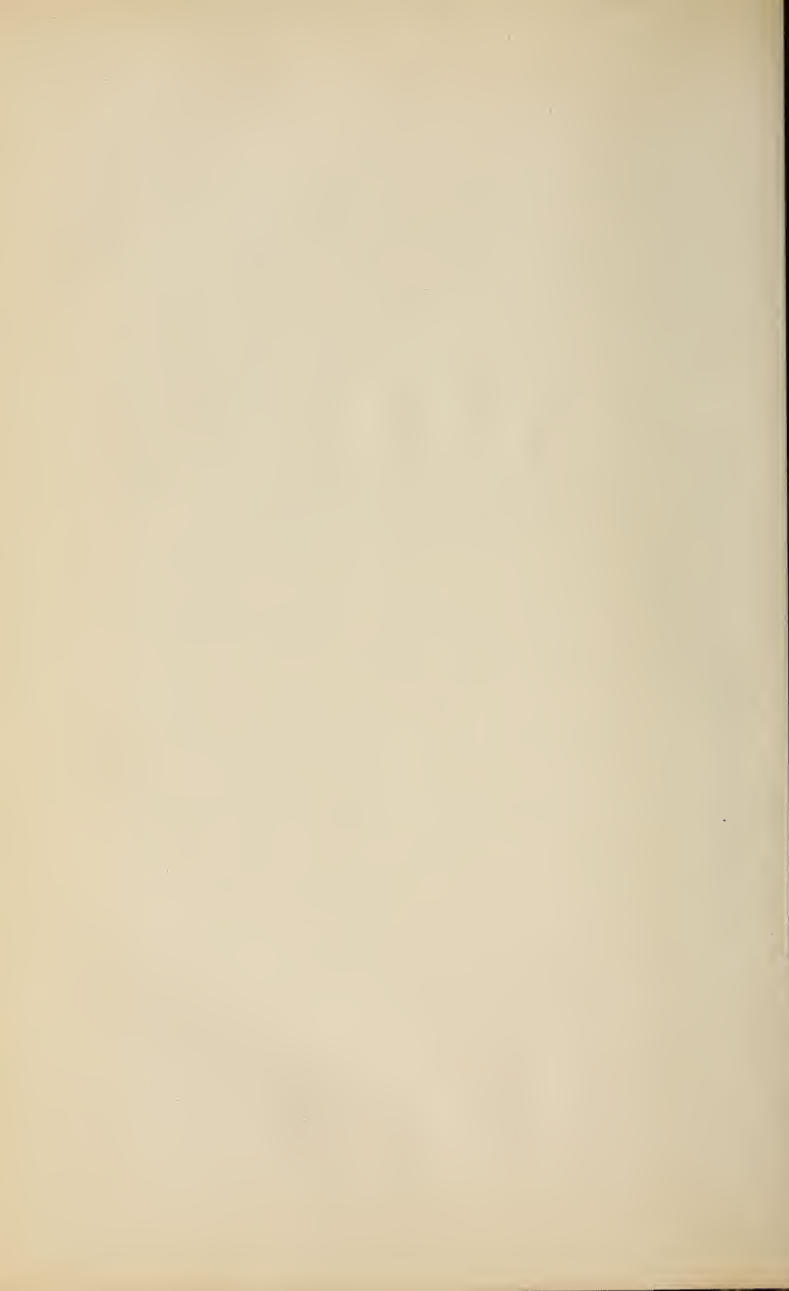
These lines contain the last Figure of Poetical Rhetoric illustrated by the author of the BHATTI KA'VYA; the next Stanza concludes the tenth Book of his work, and the Division entitled ALANKA'RA, or *Embellishment*. RA'MA, after his brother's exhortation, rests his head upon his arm and falls asleep—let us leave the hero to his repose, or others, perhaps, will be unable to resist his example.

* Horace offers a somewhat similar apology for his advice:—

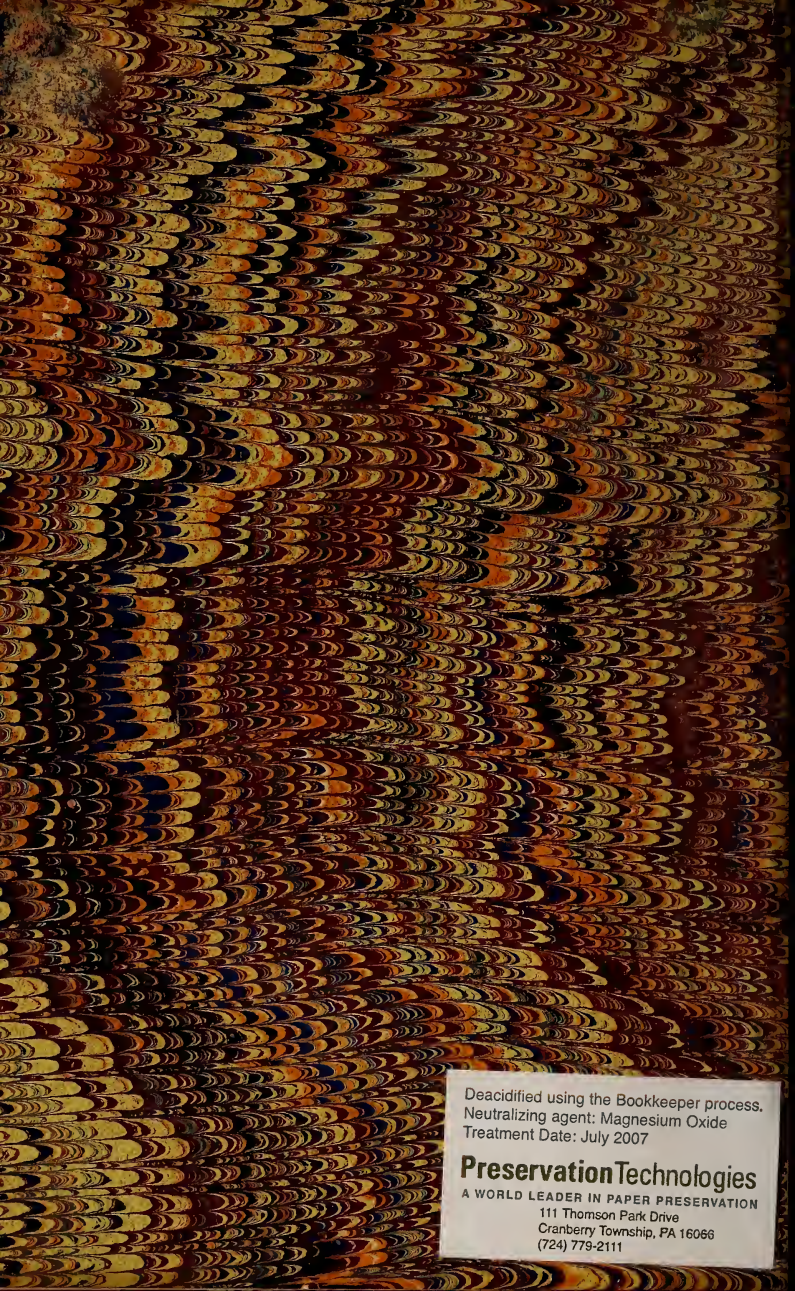
"Quamvis, Scæva, satis per te tibi consulis, et scis,
 Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;
 Disce, docendus adhuc quæ censet amicus, ut si
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit."

THE END.







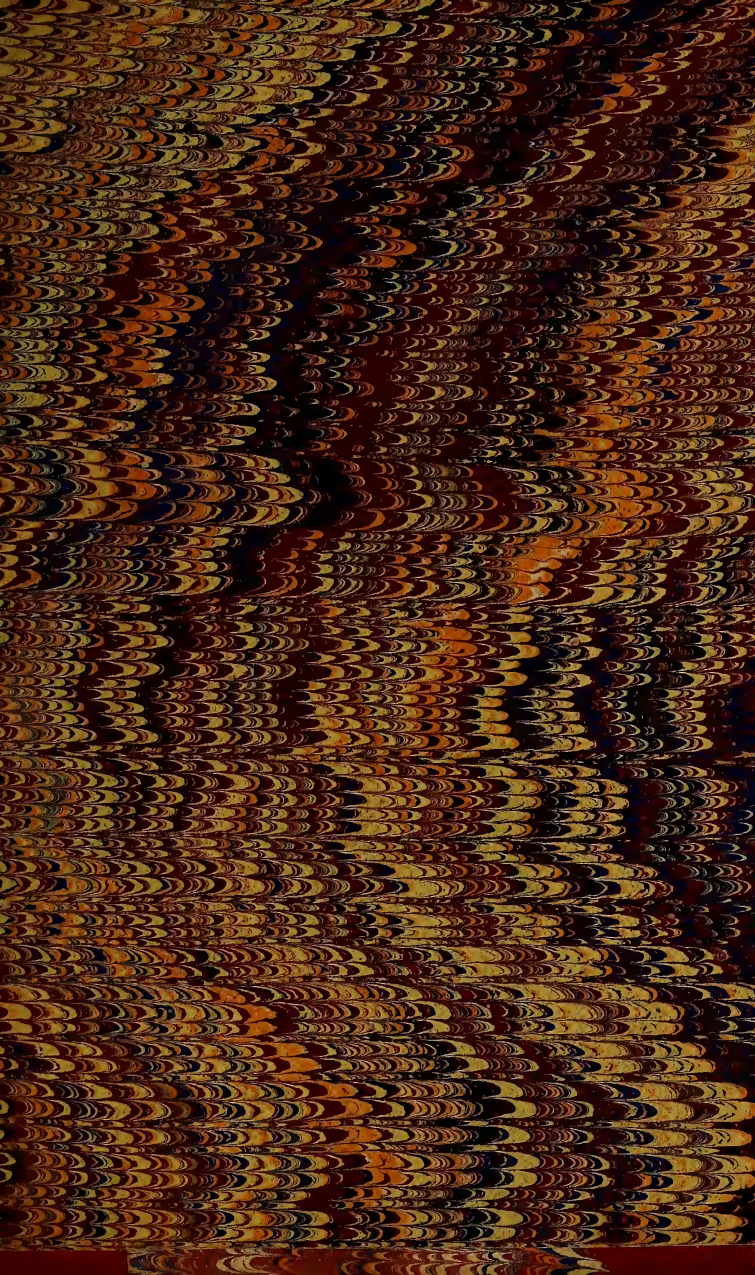
The background of the entire image is a dense, intricate marbled paper pattern. It features a complex, swirling design of organic, cell-like shapes in various shades of brown, tan, and gold, set against a dark, almost black background. The pattern is highly detailed and covers the entire surface.

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Treatment Date: July 2007

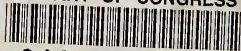
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